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I AM ALONE.

BY L. S.

The leaves again are glorious green and golden;
The child is gone
Whose laughter through the bright glades in the olden
Days lured me on.

While as of old with sanguine Summer splendor
The wild woods shine,
Not as of old the young face, soft and tender,
Look up to mine.

Once I could happier make a child's heart, beating
With love of me,
By word or touch, than all the high sun's greeting
Makes glad the sea.

Now weary amid the self-same groves I wander;
As erst, they are fair;
But one gold gift shines not, that once shone yonder—
A child's gold hair.

One gentle thing that sounded, sounds not ever—
A child's sweet tone;
One hand will seek the hollow of my hand never;
I am alone!

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED)

SIX O'CLOCK; Lewis must be with her soon now. She rose from her seat, feeling feverishly impatient, and went to the entrance to the drive and looked down the long white road; but there was no signs of him. Then she went down the road It was impossible to miss; there was no other way from the town of Welde She walked because in her restless state it was painful to sit still any longer. He would be all the more pleased to see her, and they would meet the sooner.

She had walked more than a mile, and was drawing near to Welde, when she heard the tolling of the church bell. She had heard it many a time before and knew that it tolled whenever there was a death in the little town. She knew also that no friend of hers was there; yet the very sound seemed to chill her blood.

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself "Why should the tolling of a church bell startle me!"

But, foolish or not, she could not go on She was compelled to return.

"Lewis will laugh at me when I tell him," she thought.

Then, remembering how kind he would be to her, how tender and gentle when he heard that she had been frightened, a sudden longing for his presence came over her, so intense as to bring with it a sense of bitter pain.

"Oh, my love, if you would but hasten," she said—"if you would but come!"

But there was no sign of him on the high road.

She traced her steps slowly; he would be sure to overtake her. A thousand things might have happened. He might have been too late for the train, or have been detained at Welde There was no need for anxiety; yet her heart was heavy and she shivered for fear.

Seven o'clock, and no sign of him. She must hurry back to Manor House or she would be late for dinner, and so displease her aunt. The pitiful beseeching eyes looked lingeringly down the white road, and then slowly and reluctantly Hilary went back through the woods, stopping at every sound, starting at every rustle of the trees But Lewis did not come. Still she did not despair; he would be sure to appear later on. Lady Mary had detained him; and of course if she had much to say, he would be compelled to stop and listen. He would be with her by nine—he must be.

She went through the ordeal of dinner, talked to Lady Kilmore, listened to a hundred plans for the coming season, and all the time the same pitiful prayer kept ascending from the heart—

'Oh, my love, if you would but hasten—if you would but come!'

It was some relief to get away to her own room and fling her arms round her faithful maid.

"The Captain has not come, Jane. Say something to comfort me, or I shall die!"

Jane Holmes did all she could to comfort her mistress, spoke of the uncertainty of the trains, the lateness of the hour, and said that, even if Captain Carlisle had reached Welde by the eight o'clock train, he would know that it was too late to come on to the Manor House; but no doubt he would be there early in the morning.

"Try to sleep," she added. "You would not like him to find you looking pale and hollow-eyed."

She glanced at her young mistress's face and sighed over the wilfulness that had marred its beauty.

"The day of her marriage was an evil one for her, poor child," she said to herself. "But she would have her own way. It has not brought her much happiness though."

Hilary tried to rest; but she awoke every now and then crying out—'Oh, my love, if you would but come!'—awoke to find her face wet with tears and her heart heavy with sad forebodings—awoke to wonder where her husband was, what had happened, and why he had not kept his promise—awoke to pray that Heaven would bless him and send him to her soon, and that their love story might have a happy ending; but never awoke to knowledge of what had happened.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE sun shone brightly. All the gloom and the angry clouds of the day before had disappeared; the air was fresh and the birds were singing blithely.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hilary, as the sunbeams awoke her.

She should soon see Lewis now—in an hour, at least; he would be impatient to come over and explain what had detained him on the evening before.

"Make me look beautiful, Jane!" she cried in the very gladness of her heart. And Jane did her best.

She brushed out the long golden hair that fell like a thick veil over the girl's head and shoulders, and fastened it with a snood of blue ribbon; then she attired her in a morning dress of white India muslin and lace. The fresh dainty beauty had gone back to Hilary's face, and she was all full of hope.

"I am so sure that Captain Carlisle will come early, Jane," she said, "that every moment I fancy I hear his voice."

"You could not look more beautiful if an emperor was coming!" declared the maid.

Hilary went down-stairs with a rose at her breast and a love-song on her lips She entered the breakfast room, where Lady Kilmore awaited her, with bright sunny smiles They faded however, when she looked into her relative's face. It was white, worn, and drawn as with pain. The girl's first terrified thought was that her aunt had heard of the marriage, and that she would have to face the storm all alone, without her husband to help her.

"Auntie," she said, taking one white cold hand in hers, "what is the matter?"

"I have had a shock, my dear," replied Lady Kilmore—"a terrible shock. I wonder that it did not kill me, it was so sudden!"

The girl's head drooped until it rested on her aunt's bosom.

"A shock?" she said gently. "Aunt, is it I who have shocked you?"

"You? No, child! How could you shock me? You are always good, my darling!"—and Lady Kilmore caressed the fair hair with her cold hand. "I have heard some very sad news, Hilary. It will grieve you I know; and that makes me loath to tell you of it. No grief or pain should come to one as young as you."

Hilary looked up in wonder; she had not the least perception of the truth. She was sure that Lewis was safe. That being the case, nothing could seriously trouble her.

"I thank Heaven now, Hilary," continued Lady Kilmore, "that you were docile and obedient to me, and took warning in time. Had you not done so this would have been a terrible blow to you."

A faint sense of fear stirred the girl's heart; but it was not for him her beloved husband. He was safe no matter what else was wrong?

"I have never been more horrified or grieved in my life," pursued Lady Kilmore "I have never known anything so sad. You remember I told you that Lady Mary Trevor had returned, and that she is now at Scarsdale Park?"

"Yes," answered the girl, and her heart almost ceased to beat; "go on quickly, aunt!"

"Yesterday morning Captain Carlisle left Barton Abbey to go to see her. He told Lady Ardean that he was going to spend a few hours with her, and that he should return to the Abbey at night. She supposed that he went to make arrangements for their marriage. He left Haunchwood by the eight o'clock train."

The speaker did not notice how the slender hands clung to her, how the girlish figure swayed to and fro, how the miserable face was raised to hers, how the sweet innocent eyes had grown dark with horror—she was engrossed in her story.

"He went," continued Lady Kilmore, "by the North Blankshire line, and on that line there is a bridge that crosses the river not far from the county town. The bridge was always considered safe; but yesterday morning it broke down when the train was in the middle of it, and the train was precipitated into the river. Twenty persons were killed, and the rest of the passengers were more or less injured."

Hilary did not speak but glanced up into Lady Kilmore's face with an agonized look that her aunt never forgot.

"Twenty persons were killed," repeated Lady Kilmore, "and amongst them was Captain Carlisle. They found him——"

She stopped abruptly, for the girl had slipped through her arms and fallen to the ground.

Lady Kilmore was about to tell how they had found him in the river, quite dead, with a smile on his face, and a locket with a ringlet of golden hair in his hand She rose in haste.

"I was afraid she would take it to heart! It is terrible," she said, "but I may thank Heaven it is no worse She might have fallen in love with him, and then——"

But the matter seemed more serious than she had at first imagined. The girl had fainted, she fancied, from sheer fright and surprise. When she tried to raise her, she thought for a few minutes that Hilary was dead. She rung the bell for Jane Holmes.

"I am afraid Miss Nairne is very ill," she said to the maid.

"Ill? Oh, my lady, she looks as if she was dead!" cried the terrified maid. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," replied Lady Kilmore somewhat bewildered. "I was talking to her, and she fainted."

She did not care to disclose the subject of the conversation lest the servants should gossip; but Jane was not to be daunted by Lady Kilmore's dignity or reserve.

"Talking to her, and she fainted! What was your ladyship talking about?"

The directness of the question threw Lady Kilmore off her guard.

"I was telling Miss Nairne the story of the terrible accident that has happened to Captain Carlisle, and of his death. You must have heard of it, Jane?"

"Yes, I have just this moment heard of it," replied the woman with a deep moan, bending over the unconscious girl. "May Heaven help us all! It has killed her, my lady!"

"Nonsense!" said Lady Kilmore abruptly. "Why should it kill her? It can not matter much to her, though of course she must have been shocked to hear of the sudden death of an intimate acquaintance."

"Heaven help us all!" moaned the woman. "I do not see what is to be done!"

"Jane, you annoy me!" cried Lady Kilmore. "What are you looking in that strange wild fashion for? Raise Miss Nairne, and help me to lay her upon the couch."

But Jane wrung her hands, and cried out with white lips, that she did not know what was to be done. Lady Kilmore spoke angrily to her, and that seemed to bring back the maid's wandering senses.

"If you can do nothing but wring your hands and cry, Jane Holmes," said Lady Kilmore, "go away, and send some one who will help me."

"I will help, my lady! Pray forgive me; I was horrified. Are you sure that the Captain is dead?"

Lady Kilmore was surprised at the woman's manner; she could not understand it.

"Certainly," she replied; "it is quite true. But Captain Carlisle's death can have little to do with Miss Nairne's illness. The unexpected news has no doubt affected her; but she looked very ill yesterday. Did it not strike you?"

"Yes, my lady," responded the maid, who by this time had nearly recovered her usual manner. Then she busied herself in trying to bring back life to the silent figure. "I can manage her better alone my lady," she said in a few moments. "I was frightened at first; but now I see that it is only a fainting fit."

She thought that if Lady Kilmore was present when the girl regained her senses, Hilary might betray herself by the very excess of the sorrow, whereas, if she were alone, it would matter little what she said. But Lady Kilmore would not leave her, she was anxious and alarmed.

"If she does not recover soon, Jane," she said, "I must send for a doctor. I cannot bear to see her in this state."

But the woman bending over the insensible girl said to herself that the greatest mercy Heaven could grant Hilary would be to let her die now and not to live to remember the past.

At last the girl's eyes opened, and they fell on the two anxious faces bending over her. She held out her arms to Lady Kilmore.

"Auntie," she said, with a strange glance, "let me go to my own room. I—I cannot stay here."

"But what is the matter, my darling! What made you ill?"

It seemed incredible to Lady Kilmore that such anguish could have been caused by the news of Captain Carlisle's death. After all, there had been nothing but a flirtation between them, and even that had not gone far. The girl must be ill; and Lady Kilmore, who loved her dearly, was greatly distressed.

"Let me go to my own room," pleaded Hilary. "I shall be better there."

She felt that, unless she could be alone to sob out her grief and pain it must kill her. Lady Kilmore let her have her own way, and went with her to her room. When she reached it, Hilary fell upon her knees with a bitter cry that was like the wail of one in terrible pain, and Lady Kilmore's eyes grew dim with tears

"Did you love him, Hilary?" she asked gently.

"With my whole heart!" was the despairing answer: and there was no word of reproach "Oh, auntie," cried the miserable girl, "help me in my anguish! Shut out the sunlight—it seems to mock me—and take away the flowers! Leave me here to die!"

"My darling, Hilary," began her aunt. But the girl looked up with such fierce anguish in her eyes that she stopped abruptly,

"Auntie do not use loving words to me; they blister my heart! Do me the only kindness by leaving me alone, I must be alone!"

Lady Kilmore, seeing the desperation in the girl's face, the clenched hands, the wild eyes, knew that her wisest plan would be to

submit, and leave her there. Nevertheless she was bewildered; she could not understand such excessive grief.

"She could not really have loved him," she said to herself. "It must be excited fancy, roused by his horrible death. She will get over it in a few hours; I must be very kind to her."

Meanwhile Hilary was lying face downward, calling upon Heaven to have mercy upon her and let her die.

"How could you leave me, Lewis," she cried, "with the weight of our secret to bear alone? Oh, love, stretch out your hands to me and take me with you! Oh, my heart, my heart! What must I do!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE dreadful railway-accident was a nine days' wonder. There had been nothing so terrible since the Abergele tragedy had set all England talking. There were the usual number of indignant letters in the newspapers and the usual number of leading articles all with a terribly stern moral. There was the usual inquiry, resulting in a verdict of censure upon some man who was not responsible for the accident. And there the whole affair ended.

The dead were buried; those who were maimed for life had some heavy pecuniary compensation awarded them, and those who had been slightly injured secured redress of a less substantial character.

When Lewis Carlisle's sad death became known to his brother-officers, they insisted upon having the body taken to Dover, where the regiment was awaiting orders; and there he was buried; with military honors. They had refrained from taking from the dead man's hand the locket containing the ringlet of golden hair so tightly clasped in it, and they did not speak of it to Lady Mary Trevor who followed him to the grave for she had dark hair, and they thought she would not like to hear it.

All she had heard that two days after her arrival in England Captain Carlisle started for Scarsdale Park to see her, and Lady Ardean, although she had no grounds for saying so, told her that it was to arrange for his marriage, and Lady Mary believed it, and therefore mourned him as though she had been his wife.

She went to his funeral while his beautiful wife, whom he had loved so fondly, lay stricken almost unto death. It was Lady Mary who ordered the white marble monument for his grave; it was to Lady Mary that sympathy and condolence were offered; while she who had loved him. And the best part of whose life had died with him, lay in her darkened room with the knowledge of her terrible secret breaking her heart.

The Ardeans went to Captain Carlisle's funeral; and asked Lady Mary to return with them, thinking that it would comfort and console her to spend a few days where the last days of his life had been passed. And Lady Mary, who had really cared for him with a gentle kindly affections, was pleased with the invitation, and was comforted by hearing all the details that Lord and Lady Ardean gave her of those last days of the man to whom she had always considered herself engaged. She went into deep mourning for him, and said more than once that, now he was dead, she should never marry. Altogether, every one was charmed with Lady Mary's behavior; it was so exactly of what it ought to have been that it pleased everybody.

Lady Kilmore went over to see her; and by force of circumstances was compelled to invite her to dinner with the Ardeans. Lady Mary had expressed a great wish to see Hilary; and the mistress of Weldhome thought it would cure her of her love sickness to see this plain kindly gentlewoman in deep mourning for the man whose death seemed to have broken her heart.

"It will be the finest remedy possible for her," she thought; and it was with some degree of hope that she asked Lady Mary to the Manor House.

By this time Lady Kilmore had become alarmed about her niece. Hilary had never seemed in the least to recover from her depression. Hoping to arouse her, Lady Kilmore told her all the news of the inquest, of the splendid funeral, and of Lady Mary being chief mourner, never dreaming that the white hands we clenched in important anger.

"He was mine in life, and mine in death'" thought the girl. How dare any one else follow him to the grave! "How dare any other woman weep over him, or wear mourning for him? He was all mine!"

Of what use was it even to hint at her secret when every one was talking about Lady Mary and her charming behavior? People would only think her mad, and shut her up perhaps in an asylum. What should she do? What could she do as she lay there listless, wretched, and despairing? The cry that always came in to her lips was "Stretch out your hands to me, darling, and take me with you!"

Perhaps no one had ever prayed for death so recently as did this young girl, who was left alone to face the most terrible of ordeals. Of what use would it be to say that Captain Carlisle had loved her when Lady Mary wore crape for him and behaved, every one said, so "sweetly"? Hilary raged when she heard the word. Any one could behave "sweetly" when the heart's best love was not at stake. What had Lady Mary to behave "sweetly" about? She suffered nothing. Hilary felt that she hated Lady Mary when she remembered that but for her beloved young husband might have been living and well If he had not gone to Scarsdale on that day, he would have been with her now!

She was almost his murderess, thought the unhappy girl; but for her and her miserable claim on him, he would never have died as he did. Hilary lay in her darkened room thinking of these things and wondering how the short tragedy of her life would end.

What she suffered during those few days only Heaven knew; her faithful maid perhaps guessed. When Hilary came downstairs, she looked so ill and so woe-begone, so utterly miserable, that those who saw her hardly recognized her. Lady Kilmore asked her one evening to come down into the drawing room.

"As well there as anywhere," said Hilary to herself. If it would please her aunt, she would go.

She little dreamed of the trial that awaited her. During that afternoon she had been endeavoring to make up her mind how to tell Lady Kilmore of her secret, she must tell her; unless Heaven in mercy took her home. Her mind was so full of it that she had not at first noticed that visitors were in the drawing-room, until Lady Ardean came forward eagerly to meet her.

"My dearest Hilary, what have you done to yourself" she asked. "You look—pray forgive the vulgarism, my dear—as though you were washed out. I did not know you you had been so ill."

The last time she had spoken to Lady Ardean her beloved husband had been standing by her side; and the very memory of it sent hot tears to her eyes, and the voice trembled as she tried to speak to her. Lady Ardean felt much concern with her.

Then Lady Mary came up, wondering who the pale woe begone girl could be. Lady Ardean introduced her, and the two who had so strangely crossed each other's path looked at each other for the first time Hilary's heart rose in hot rebellion against her position. Here was this woman whom Lewis had never loved in all the insignia of woe, and concluded with the display of a very moderate amount of grief, while she whom he had loved with all his heart, whose face he had kissed, his wife, his widow, was without an external sign of mourning, but with her heart almost broken!

She was compelled to answer, for Lady Mary was talking more kindly to her, telling her that she must rest and be careful. She made Hilary down upon a sofa; and, seeing how deadly pale she was, Lady Mary thought she was cold, and wrapped a shawl around her.

Then the conversation which Hilary's entrance had interrupted was resumed; it was all about Captain Carlisle. Lady Mary had no interest in it beyond that of hearing him spoken of; but Lady Kilmore had her own purpose to serve She thought that, if Hilary heard how everybody considered that he had belonged in honor to Lady Mary, she would not like to have it known that she had ever cared about him. So she led Lady Mary to speak of him; and Lady Mary's heart warming to the sympathy she had received, she said more than she was justified in saying. She spoke of him as though they had been plighted lovers by an act of his own free will; she talked of devoting her life to his memory, and hinted that after him every other man must seem to her commonplace.

Once from the sofa where the unhappy girl was lying came a stifled moan; and Lady Mary turned quickly.

"The heat is too much you, my dear," she said. "You will have to be careful."

Then, in the same calm manner, she went on to discuss the funeral and its details, and her own feelings as chief mourner. She would have said more, but this time a low groan came from the white lips of the girl; and; when Lady Kilmore went to her, she found that Hilary was in a deep swoon.

After that she lay some weeks ill, and every one despaired of her life.

CHAPTER X.

SOME months had passed since the night when tortured and despairing, Hilary Carlisle had fallen ill with the sickness that was so near bringing death to her.

It was the first week in October now, and Lady Kilmore sat in her favorite room, puzzled and unhappy. She could not understand Hilary. The girl had recovered from her terrible illness, but she had never been the same since, Lady Kilmore had taken her to Cannes; they had been to Paris for a fortnight; but the more places they visited the worse Hilary became.

It was most mysterious to Lady Kilmore. Hilary had been the gayest of the gay, and had filled the house with sunshine and laughter; now, whenever Lady Kilmore entered a room where she was, she found her crying. If ever she came upon her suddenly, it was always to find her alone, miserable and wretched.

Of one thing Lady Kilmore felt quite sure—that there was more the matter with Hilary that simply grief at the death of Captain Carlisle. Her ladyship knew that with young people the most bitter grief passes away with time; but Hilary's grief did not pass away, and her aunt was becoming anxious about her. Her whole appearance was changing. The girl's face had lost all its dainty bloom and her beautiful eyes their light. The settled look of pain never left her face, and she appeared like one who was bowed down with some hidden grief.

Another thing struck Lady Kilmore as strange and that was the great anxiety of the maid Jane Holmes. The woman followed her young mistress everywhere, seemed always very solicitous about her, and looked at her with such sorrow, and wistful pity, that Lady Kilmore was puzzled.

"Do you think Miss Nairne is so very ill, Janet" she asked the maid one day.

"Yes, I do indeed, my lady," was the answer. "I think she is far worse than any one supposes."

"Then it will be better for me to call in a physician," said Lady Kilmore. "If she is really seriously ill, I must have proper advice for her. I have done all I possibly could, I can do no more."

"Perhaps it would be better," returned Jane Holmes; but her face was full of doubt.

Lady Kilmore was very unhappy. She had the most tender affection for her niece, was proud of her, and had built great hopes on her beauty. It seemed to her now that the girl's life was blighted, she could not tell how. It could not be that unfortunate love affair; even supposing that she had really loved Captain Carlisle with all her heart Many weeks had passed since his death; yet the girl did not get better As it was, her spirit had all left her. She was pale, languid, listless; she took no interest in anything; life and everything seemed to be an intolerable burden to her. She declined all invitations; and, when visitors came to Weldhome, instead of being as she was once, the very light of the place, she would plead any excuse rather than see them. She was no longer a bright happy girl, but was pale, thin, and miserable. Lady Kilmore could not understand it.

Her anxiety reached a climax one October evening. Hilary had left the drawing-room, and soon afterwards Lady Kilmore saw her pass the windows and cross the lawn. She had thrown a black lace shawl over her head, and her beautiful face wore the dead look of utter despair.

"What can be the matter with the girl" said Lady Kilmore to herself, "She looks to me as though she was going to die I will have a physician at once, and I will go and speak to her now. My beautiful Hilary is but the shadow of herself!"

She followed her niece, her heart heavy with anxiety; but it was to be heavier still.

She went across the lawn, remembering how often she had watched Hilary cross it with flying feet, so different from the slow halting step now. Lady Kilmore was a tender hearted woman, and her own eyes filled with tears She saw Hilary go to her favorite resort, the shady grove of chestnut trees, and she followed her

As she drew near, Lady Kilmore heard the sound of a bitter weeping; surely it was not Hilary? Advancing a little further, she saw her niece kneeling on the soft turf, her head resting against the trunk of a chestnut-tree, her face buried in her hands, her whole frame shaking with deep drawn terrible sobs and sighs. She heard her crying wildly—

"Stretch out your hands to me my darling! Oh, why have you left me to bear all alone! Oh, love, when I loved you so well, help me, for I know not what to do! I cannot bear my trouble alone. I must have love and pity or I shall die!" sobbed the unhappy girl. "What am I to do? Oh that I might die! Dear Heaven, why may I not! My heart's love has left me; he does not know the torture that my secret is to me!"

Lady Kilmore stood pale and motionless a sense of coming evil stealing over her,

"If I cry to you, Lewis," pursued the girl, "can you hear me, or are you deaf to all worldly sounds. Lewis, how could you leave me to bear my trial all alone! Will no one take pity on me! Can you not stretch out your hands to me and place me by your side!"

She started when a hand was laid upon her shoulder—it seemed as though her prayer had been suddenly granted, but, when she looked up, she saw the face of Lady Kilmore bending over her.

"Hilary, my dear child, what does this mean!" asked her aunt. "I could not help overhearing your few last words What is wrong! I have always been your best and truest friend—will you not tell me the cause of your grief!"

"Would to Heaven that I might!" answered the girl. "Oh, auntie, if I could but open my heart to you! But I am afraid—surely afraid I shall never find courage"

On hearing these words, Lady Kilmore's heart sank within her. What could be wrong! Looking at the white miserable face before her it was impossible to be angry. The only thing she could do was by dint of gentleness and patience to win the girl's secret from her.

"My darling," said Lady Kilmore. "have I once, since we have been like mother and child, uttered an impatient or angry word to you!"

"No, never," answered Hilary readily.

"Then why do you fear me now! Why not trust me! Why does your faith in me suddenly fail you!"

"It is not that; auntie, my faith does not fail me, nor does my trust—but I am afraid. You will be shocked, horrified; and my trouble is so great that I could not bear the least addition to it."

"I shall not add to your burden my reproaches, Hilary. You cannot believe that I would add to your distress. I love you too dearly, and will do anything I can to help you Hilary, trust me as though I were really your mother—trust me my dear!"

She put her arm round the slender figure, and felt the girl tremble within her clasp.

"Trust me, my dear, and you shall never repent your trust."

"Oh, auntie," cried Hilary, "I do not know how to tell you. I am ashamed—frightened;'—I cannot tell you!"

Lady Kilmore grew more anxious. If frank open hearted Hilary had a secret which she could not tell, it must be indeed a terrible one. She in her turn was frightened.

"Is there any one living, Hilary, whom you could trust better than me! If so, I will send for them. I will do anything to help you; but I will never force your confidence."

The next moment Hilary was kneeling at her feet

"It is not that, auntie; I trust and love no one better than you, But can you not guess—you who loved some one yourself years ago—can you not guess the truth?"

"I am afraid, Hilary," said Lady Kilmore gravely. "I am bewildered. I dare not guess. It cannot surely be anything of Captain Carlisle! I know you liked him very much; but the pain of that loss must be over now."

"Auntie," cried the girl, almost in despair, "can you not guess the truth! He never loved Lady Mary, When I heard her talking so calmly to you about him and about her sorrow, my heart grew faint. He never loved her, auntie!"

"Then he must have deceived her, my dear," said Lady Kilmore gravely. She repented having spoken the words when she saw how they pained her niece.

"He never deceived any one dearest auntie When he went to Scarsdale it was not to arrange with her when the marriage should take place, but it was to tell her that he could not marry her. Can you not guess the reason!"

"Because he loved you?" replied Lady Kilmore, shaking her head.

"It was better or worse than that," said Hilary—"better or worse—I cannot tell which."

"What do you mean, Hilary' Tell me the truth at once I am frightened; speak plainly,"

"He went to tell Lady Mary that he could not marry her because—he had a wife already."

"A wife! Lewis Carlisle married! Hilary it is not possible!"

"It is true. Auntie, can you not guess the rest!"

"No, my dear; I am hopelessly in the dark I understand less than ever. Captain Carlisle had a wife! How was it that no one ever knew? Who was she!"

"Can you not guess! I loved him and he loved me."

"Great Heaven," cried Lady Kilmore, "you cannot mean that you were his wife!"

"I do indeed. Forgive me, aunt—do not be angry with me I loved him so—I could not help it—and he loved me. I was his wife."

But Lady Kilmore's agitation was so great for a time that she could listen to no more.

"You," she cried— "you, whom I thought a child—you, whom I have loved as my own—you married without my knowledge! Oh, Hilary how could you do it! Tell me the whole story," she went on, after a pause. "My dear it is far worse than I thought."

And, still kneeling at her aunt's feet on the turf, Hilary told the brief sweet story of her passionate love and its terrible ending, of her marriage, and the one week that was like a dream of elysium Lady Kilmore listened in a state of bewilderment.

"And I knew nothing of this all the time!" she cried. "If I had known I should have saved you"

"If this story becomes known, Hilary, your whole life will be ruined. It was most cruel for him to betray you so. You are quite a child. If the truth becomes known I shall never lift up my head again."

"It cannot be known, auntie. The minister who married us was exceedingly old and seemed hardly to know what he was doing I read the very next week in one of the Northern papers that he had died of apoplexy; and I was not in the least surprised Two of those present at the marriage are dead, the other two are living; but the secret is safe enough with them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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More Recipients Heard From.

Circleville, Tex: May 30, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received the premium ring the other day. I think it is more than you represent it to be. I thank you so much for such a present. I like the paper so much that it seems so long to wait a week for it. H. B. S.

Shippensville, Pa., June 6 1881
Editors Sat. Evening Post:—I received the ring that you sent, and I was very much pleased with it. Everyone who has seen it pronounces it elegant. Accept thanks. The paper alone is worth the money. W. S. S.

Savannah, Ga., June 10 1881,
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The ring I received all right, and is much exceeds my expectations. Many thanks for your beautiful present. J. S. K.

Montreal June 15, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring received. Perfectly satisfied. Thanks. S. E. P.

Holloway Store, Va., June 11, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am proud to acknowledge receipt of your valuable present. Please accept many thanks and best wishes for your future prosperity. The paper is one of the best I have ever read. S. O. T.

Davis City, Ia., June 12, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your paper and premium ring, and am very well pleased with both. E. H.

Goodman, Miss., June 16, 1881
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring has been received. It is superior to anything I expected to get. Many, many thanks for the pleasant surprise. I wish that all who may subscribe will be as well pleased with paper and premium as myself. W. V. S.

Liberty, Kan., June 11, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring and am very well pleased with it. G. F.

Cotton Plant, June 16, 1881.
Editors Post:—Premium ring received and is much pleased with it. E. F. D.

Aberdeen, Ohio, May 28, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring duly received. Think it very handsome. Please accept thanks. L. B.

Wicklow, Ireland, June 13, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I beg leave to acknowledge the beautiful ring which I received safely on Monday, and thank the Post for such a beautiful premium. M. B.

East Hamilton, Tex., June 14 1881.
Editor Post:—My premium ring has just been received, also one for one of the subscribers. They give perfect satisfaction. W. H. B.

Three Rivers Mass. June 3, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring and am well pleased. Many thanks. You will hear from me again soon. M. H.

Cedar Hill, Oregon, June 10 1881
Editors Post:—The ring earrings and stud were duly received. They are much better than I expected and them highly pleased with them. I like the Post very much indeed and will do all I can for you. Please accept my sincere thanks. Miss S. E. S.

Lethbero, Ill., June 13 1881
Editors Saturday Evening Post: Your premium ring was received and has proved satisfactory. Indeed, it is much better than I expected to receive. I like the paper very much. Miss M. D.

Grove Hill, Clark Co., Ala., June 6 1881
Editors Saturday Evening Post—The paper and ring came safely to hand. I think it beautiful. I feel very grateful to you for my paper and premium. You have acted promptly, and as gentlemen should. I am now doing all I can for you. G. H. S.

Millburn, N. J., June 21, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring to day. Am very much pleased with it. I think it very pretty. It is much better than I expected. Mrs. H. E. B.

Toombsboro, Ga. June 22, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post. I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectations. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium. Miss H. J.

Kildare Cass Co., Texas, May 28, 1881.
Editors of Saturday Evening Post.—I have just received your premium ring and am happy to say I am well pleased with it and highly pleased with your paper. It has the best reading matter I have got hold of. I will do all I can to promote your interest in my power and to spread your paper in Texas. G. W. T.

Marion S. C., May 29, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received; everybody sees it says it is a diamond. I wouldn't sell it for anything if I could not get another. I will always subscribe for the Post. L. W.

South Grove May 20 1881.
Editors Post.—The premium received and am much pleased with it. So are all that see them. Mrs. A. W.

Raton, Colfax Co., New Mex., June 9, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante ring has been received. It is beautiful. E. P. L.

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722 Sansom Street, Phila.

A Run for Life.

BY JOHN CHAMBERS.

In my young days I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and one summer vacation I was delighted to receive an invitation from a bachelor cousin, Fred Vernon, to spend a week or two with him in a distant part of the country.

Fred was agent to Squire Altborpe, who owned pretty nearly the whole of the district in which he lived; and as the Squire spent a good part of his time away from home, I knew I should be able to roam about the place very much as I liked, and should therefore have ample opportunities of adding to my collection of butterflies and other insects.

At the time of my visit the Squire was away on the continent; and on the morning after my arrival, Fred, having some leisure time at his disposal, proposed that we take a ramble round the park, and finish up by visiting the kennels. We did go and I must say I enjoyed the walk very much.

As for the dogs I saw, I have never forgotten them. Each breed had its own special department, and an assistant to see to it. Much as the spaniels and setters interested me—for I was a bit of a sportsman as well as a naturalist—I must confess that a pack of splendid bloodhounds struck me most of all. Their wise, solemn looking faces, with their gracefully pendulous ears, as fine and as soft as silk, were indeed a study. This pack, I was told, was not only celebrated for its appearance, but also for its work. They were trained to follow a trail of biped as well as quadruped, with the most undeviating certainty; and their presence in the Squire's kennels did more to check poaching than an army of gamekeepers. While we were admiring the hounds, the kennel man told us several tales in illustration of this fact.

A few mornings after our visit to the kennels, Fred told me, as we sat at breakfast, that he had some estate business to transact at the town a few miles off, which would require him to be from home nearly the whole day. I could come with him, he said, if I chose; but once at the town, he must leave me to my own devices; and he opined that I should find it rather dull. With thanks for his offer, I assured him I would much prefer an expedition by myself on the heath to hanging about town: but at the same time I suggested that, if my services would render him any help, I would gladly sacrifice my own comfort to his. With a laugh, he said that I should only be in the way if I came with him; and we settled the matter there and then.

After breakfast, Fred's horse was brought round to the door; and with parting injunctions to me to go where I liked, he rode off.

Shortly after his departure, armed with my butterfly net and with a goodly store of collecting boxes for the reception of my spoils, I too started for a long solitary ramble across the heath.

I had been gone about two hours, and had been wandering about in an aimless fashion in pursuit of specimens, visiting two or three old pits, and the various hollows in the heath as I came to them, when, on mounting some rising ground, the deep notes of a bloodhound was borne faintly to me by the gentle breeze that was blowing from the direction of the kennels. As I listened, the sound appeared to grow a trifle more distinct, and entirely died away. Thinking that they might be out after an escaped deer, I did not pay much attention to what I heard, but proceeded on my way to the next bit of high ground. Here the deep voices of the hounds were heard more distinctly. They are coming this way, I thought to myself; and straining my eyes in the direction from which the sounds came, I tried to distinguish the pack. This was no easy matter on the burnt grass of the heath. However, I at last succeeded in making them out, and perceived that they were alone. This surprised me, for Fred had mentioned that the kennelman always accompanied them when they were out for exercise, or when they were being used to drive back any deer that had succeeded in getting over the high railings that surrounded this part of the park.

Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind—They have broken loose, and are hunting me.

What was to be done? Here was I, a stranger to the hounds, alone and unarmed in the middle of a vast heath. No house or shelter of any kind was near.

Scanning the very limited horizon eagerly to catch sight of any shelter that might be visible, I saw nothing that could help me, unless it was a distant tree. So I started to run.

I was rapidly becoming exhausted, but still on I tottered, my head reeling and my eyes swimming with the unwonted exertion, for now I could see the tree some hundred yards distant. With the little strength I had left I dashed for it; but, to my dismay, saw that the lower branches were beyond my reach. Suddenly I remembered that I had my butterfly net, which was strong, and serviceable in my hand; and on reaching the foot of the tree I hooked the ring of the net over the broken stump of a bough and by dint of almost superhuman exertion I managed, I hardly know how, to scale the rough bark and drag myself into the pollard head of the tree. I was just in time, for as I reached this place of safety, the hounds were round the foot of the tree baying furiously.

Feeling a deadly faintness creeping over me, I had enough presence of mind left to undo the stout leather belt I wore round my waist, and fasten myself by it to one of the branches. Then the baying of the hounds, the rustling of the leaves, and, as I fancied, the blowing of a horn, were mingled together in a confused murmur, and I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, I was stretched on the ground, my head supported on the knees of the old kennelman; while one of his assistants was attempting to to pour a little brandy through my clenched teeth. My old pursuers were lying on the ground close by, watching the proceedings with solemn indifference; and a couple of horses were cropping the grass close by. I was soon sufficiently restored to mount one of the horses; and as we walked slowly home, the old man told me how it happened that the hounds had brocken loose. He had taken them out for a run on the heath as usual, he said, when suddenly they appeared to hit off a trail of some kind. Thinking, as I did when I first heard them, that one of the deer had escaped, he encouraged them to follow up the scent. While following them, his horse fell, and being somewhat hurt, he started back to the stables, and taking one of his 'helps' with him, he set off in search of the hounds. The two men rode after them as well as they could, having only the sound, and that at times, very faint, to guide them. The nature of the ground over which they were riding obliged them to proceed slowly; and it was some time, probably, after I had fainted that, instead of the deer they expected to find, they had come upon me hanging by my belt in the tree.

'Would the hounds have killed me if I had not been able to find shelter?' I presently asked.

'Yes; most certainly they would,' was the old man's reply, 'if they had been left to themselves.'

What a narrow escape I felt I had had! But for the refuge of that solitary tree, my life would most certainly have been sacrificed. When at length I reached my cousin's house, the reaction consequent upon the intense excitement of the past few hours had begun, and I had to take to my bed, where a raging fever detained me for a few weeks. During all that period my thoughts were occupied with the fearful experiences of that day on the moor; and even now, though restored to my former health and vigor, it is not without a shudder that I am able to think of that Run for my Life.

HOW SCULPTORS WORK.—A skeleton of wood and iron is constructed in the shape of the figure to be made, round which the modeling clay may be wrought—a constant practice with those who feel it to be wiser to work in a soft and pliable material, than commit themselves with small models in the difficulties of marble. On this skeleton of wood a proper frame-work is constructed to support hanging draperies or outstretched arms. Wire and bits of wood will suspend arms or folds; while the whole skeleton is kept in its position by an upright piece of timber resembling the mast of a ship, which rises out of the centre of the platform on which the statue is to be modeled. When the skeleton is ready and the modeling clay nicely beat up till it is as pliable as the softest dough, the artist places the sketch which he means to copy before him, and cutting the square lumps of clay into long thin slices he works it round the frame-work and beats it solidly in, so as to leave no crevices in which water may lodge and endanger his labor. The clay, wrought with tools of wood and with the hand, gradually grows into the desired form. The artist turns the figure round and round—proves it in strong and in weak lights—compares it with the copy until all is done. Then the copy is imitated in marble.

WHAT NEXT.—Don't trouble yourself about the next thing you are to do. No man can do the second thing. He can do the first. If he omits it the wheels of the social Juggernaut roll over him, and leave him more or less crushed behind. If he does it he keeps in front, and finds room to do the next again; and so he is sure to arrive at something, for the onward march will carry him with it. There is no saying to what perfection of success a man may come, who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at his hand. He makes a vortex of action, however slight, toward which all the means instantly begin to gravitate. Let a man but lay hold of something—anything and he's on the high road to success, though it may be very long before he can walk comfortably in it.

M. S.

Comets are not such great rarities, after all. They have averaged one every four years since the Christian era.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AUBURN HAIR.—The Romans attached great significance to the color of the hair. Auburn or light hair was considered most desirable, and long before the time of Judas red hair was regarded with great disfavor.

CALAMITY.—Etymologically this word signifies the beating down of standing corn by wind or storm. The word is the Latin calamis, a stalk of corn. Hence Cicero calls a storm calamitosa tempestas, a corn-levelling tempest.

DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL.—It is stated that the door nail is the place or knob on which the knocker or hammer strikes. It has therefore been humorously suggested that as this nail is knocked on the head several times a day, it cannot be supposed to have much life in it.

SKELETON CLOCK.—The monks of La Trappe have a clock in the large hall of the convent which is a frightfully complete piece of mechanism. A perfect human skeleton stands by the wall, pointing with its fleshless fingers at the hours marked upon a revolving dial.

THE PEACH.—Originally, the peach was a poisonous almond. In olden times its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transportation and cultivation not only removed its poisonous properties, but produced the delicious fruit which we now enjoy in its season.

A ROMAN BABY'S TOMB.—There touch of nature thus be that a mother's love and grief two thousand years ago were the same as now. On an old tomb in the Eternal City the following inscription may still be read:—"Caius Julius Maximus, aged two years and five months. O relentless fortune, who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me? He who used to lie joyful on my bosom! This stone now marks his tomb—behold a mother."

THE LARGEST ROOM.—The largest room in the world, under one roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 630 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely make all movements in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball room. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits a remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

FOOLS.—We are always discovering fools who spend their time collecting one thing or another of no value to themselves or to the community. A St. Louis man was heard of the other day who has collected over 700 different kinds of bottles; a Louisville idiot has an assortment of several hundred hair brushes, that cost him thousands of dollars; and now a man is reported to have saved the label from every bottle of wine he ever drank. He has them all pasted in a scrap book, and there are over 500 of them.

CHINESE WEDDINGS.—The wedding festivities among the Chinese are kept up until the expiration of three days from the time of the wedding ceremony, when the bride returns without the groom to her parents. Here she entertains her female friends. At these festivities the husband must not appear until sent for by his father-in-law and mother in-law, who seldom keep him in suspense more than two days. Upon being notified by his bride's parents, he goes to their house, when, taking his bride, he immediately returns to his own home, which thereafter is to be hers also.

A USEFUL HINT.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eyes upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size take your overcoat with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones towards it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.—It is found that young men from 15 to 20 years of age marry young women averaging two to three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are 30 or 35 years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and henceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every day occurrence. Again, the husbands of young women aged 20 and under, average a little above 25 years; and the inequality of age diminishes henceforward, till, for women who have reached 30 the respective ages are equal. After 35 years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at 55 it averages nine years.

CHANCE.

BY M. T.

I am a happy woman? Yes
The measure of my happiness
Fate's bounty can no higher fill.
I surely happy am! Yet still—

My brown hair has no silver thread,
My fresh cheek shows its white and red,
As fairest in the eyes of men
My love hath chosen me. But then—

Health, wealth are mine. Great meed of praise
Makes bright the sunshine of my days,
In pleasant paths my feet are set;
Friends guard me tenderly. And yet—

The robins flutter to the hedge,
The sparrow seeks the window ledge;
The eagle rests upon the cliff;
My place is here. But if—but if—

I watch the village lovers pass
With loitering footsteps on the grass,
And mind me once—ah, yes, I know
The sweetest dream must fade, and so—

Retribution.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I HAVE often wandered among ruins; I may almost say that I have lived among them; but from some remarkable circumstances I will relate, the ruins of ancient Solante are indelibly fixed in my memory.

Upon the northern shore of Sicily, about five miles from Palermo, is Mount Aliano, and near it a promontory called Cape Taffarana. This is a lofty cone thickly covered with briars and thorn bushes, among which the aloes and the Indian fig tree were conspicuous.

Scattered thickly about are sculptured granite and marble columns, with their ruined capitals—mostly of the Corinthian order—noble debris of the ancient City of Solante, one of the most noble and warlike cities of the past.

Thither to-day the shepherds lead their flocks, and there the fishermen dry their nets; while their homes are at the foot of the mountain, where the little cabins are reflected in the azure waters of the gulf.

In this village lived Michelina Montallo, the only support of an aged and infirm mother, and of a younger sister, an invalid from birth.

Michelina, though young herself, was large and strong, and her features were rather noble than regular. To have seen her on a fete day, her dark locks gracefully flowing, save where a silver needle with its airy filigree confined them; her petticoat of scarlet stuff and her bodice of black velvet.—to have seen the brown health tint of her countenance, its pure Grecian profile and her rich coral lips, a poet would certainly not have compared her to Venus, but rather to the huntress Diana.

Michelina, as each day might offer, would assist the fishermen in drawing their nets or in preparing and salting their fish.

Sometimes she would go with them to Fermini, where the sardines and anchovy were an important branch of commerce.

On one of these excursions, Michelina met a young sailor, by name Damiano, but known by the surname of "l'Americaine," because he had made the voyage to America, a journey seldom attempted in those times by the simple Sicilians.

Damiano arranged it so that during their working hours, he should always be near Michelina, and she innocently took care to find for herself a place near him also.

This quiet planning amused their companions and drew upon them the sarcasm of the sailors. They called them often "les deux Amants," although as yet no word of love had passed between them. It was silently understood, yet lacking the happiness of avowal.

The year had been a plentiful one for the fishermen, and Michelina returned to her home well satisfied with her gains, but troubled as she remembered Damiano.

She accused him of coldness, and she could not reconcile his silence with his constant attentions. She was dreamy and sad; she replied roughly to her mother and little sister when she replied at all; if she went out she was a long time absent; each evening she would leave her mother's cabin and remain for hours upon the seashore. Can we fancy we know of whom she was dreaming! Happy the maiden who with light heart and fancy free can enjoy that magnificent scene—there is none more enchanting in all Nature's wide domain—the sea beneath Italian skies. The stifling heat of a long summer day over; the waters till then immovable, seem to smile as they welcome the slight breathings of the refreshing breeze; while the moon in quiet loveliness scatters her rays like to a coverlet of silver.

Then may be seen moving out from the clefts of the rocks, flickering lights; advancing and retreating. Some think the sea god, torch in hand, is sallying forth from the deep caves where he has fixed his dwelling.

Very soon another light from another point advances over against the first; then others present themselves and glisten upon the surface of the waters—truly a magnificent tableau when the waves are illumined at once, by both celestial and terrestrial fires.

But in reality, these torches belong to the fishermen's boats; for in the beautiful summer nights they are searching for certain kinds of shell fish.

Michelina was wandering one evening, as she was accustomed to do, upon the lonely strand of Cape Taffarana, wrapt in her own sad thoughts, when her attention was attracted by the strange movements of one of those wandering fires.

It was evident to her experienced eye that it was not the bark of a fisherman—the torch seemed to approach the shore, and then it suddenly vanished, appearing no more that evening.

She returned to her mother's cabin if possible more troubled and preoccupied than before; and an event of so little importance became to her an inexhaustible subject for thought. But she dreamed of her love and hastened, as the next evening drew on, to her accustomed place upon the shore.

As if in answer to her anxious heart, the light appeared again, and now she knew it was not the fisherman's signal. It took, moreover, the same direction as the previous evening and was nearing the place where she was sitting.

It approached the rocks which border and guard Solante; then suddenly paling, entirely disappeared.

An exclamation of disappointment escaped her, when O surprise! O happiness! a voice replied to her, a well-known voice, which was singing a barcarole familiar to Damiano, and the night wind bore to her ear this sweet refrain:

"Glide swiftly on my little bark,
And bear me to my love."

It was he—the young sailor, whom in the depths of her heart she loved dearer than all the world; but what chance! what fortune had brought him there!

She would have called, she would have questioned; but a feeling of fear and maiden modesty restrained her. She tried to conceal herself, but all in vain. Damiano had heard her voice. He had turned his boat to the shore and was coming nearer and nearer.

She did not call by name the object of her love, but sweetly chanted the same refrain. Then startled at her own audacity, she strove to hide herself behind the shelving rocks. Vain precaution! for the happy Damiano had moored his boat and leaped upon the shore, and was soon standing beside her.

It seems, sometimes, that heart answers to heart more responsively amid such rural scenes—there seems more simplicity—more sincerity.

"Michelina," said the young sailor, "since your departure I have no more the same desire to work; I neglect my nets; I pass whole days lounging beside my cabin door, with folded arms; and it is of you alone I am thinking. At night I sleep not or if I sleep it is that I may dream of you—and so I have resolved to come and frankly tell you how I love you. Last night, I cannot tell what strange fear seized me, and perhaps had I not heard your voice tonight, it might have been the same. You know I have not riches, Michelina, but for you I can work with all the ardor of my soul."

Notwithstanding the fulness of her joy, the young maiden was for a little while, shy, reserved, perhaps coquettish; but her heart soon prevailed; and she avowed that since their first meeting she, too, dearly loved him; and then, after a thousand protestations of eternal fidelity, they vowed with none but the bright moon and quiet stars to witness, that for each other they would live, and for each other, if need be, die.

The next day Michelina made known to her mother all that had taken place, and she knowing no will but that of this dear child, cheerfully gave her consent.

Then Damiano came, and in the prospect of their marriage there was great joy in these two poor families. Antonio, his elder brother, lived at Naples, and he came to assist at the nuptials.

Not an evening passed during this time of waiting, but Damiano, in his little boat, might have been seen working his course along the beach until he reached the rock beneath the shade of which he had told his love; while Michelina, waiting impatiently for his coming, was going over in her simple loving heart this formula:

"I see him descending the bank; he has entered his boat; he is plying the oars; he has passed the shelving rocks; he has doubled the cape; and now he is here!" and never had he failed her.

Two weeks had passed and in eight days more would be the wedding, as soon as Antonio should come from Naples.

He was four years the elder, but strikingly like his brother. A forehead somewhat higher and eyes more deeply set, and in his air and manner a hardihood and roughness never seen in Damiano.

Since his coming they had added a sail to the boat, and together every evening now they rounded Cape Taffarana.

Then while "les deux Amants," in low voices, were forming for the future a thousand pleasant projects, and disputing sometimes for the kisses playfully refused, but always given, Antonio, reclined in the boat, smoking tranquilly his pipe, his peaceful thoughts wandering at will in sweet content,—so thought Damiano and Michelina, as they would sometimes banter with light raillery their complacent brother, for they were very far from suspecting the truth.

Like the dark lizard trailing along the rocks and among the thick bushes Antonio was stealing stealthily along, a witness to the innocent expressions of their deep love.

Ardent and jealous in spirit, and fearing to be surprised in that equivocal position he tried to stifle almost the beatings of his own heart; but his heart revolted at this bondage.

Scarcely had he seen Michelina before he knew that he also loved her; but the germ of an impossible love had been planted, and his efforts to uproot it were now unavailing!

Each morning he would feel remorse, but at evening all his courageous determination would vanish, and the cold sweat start from his brow, as he would listen to his brother's bright hopes and loving anticipations.

The Sicilians are a brave and generous people, but their passions are of so violent and explosive a nature, that it is impossible to anticipate the deeds which are the result of instantaneous anger.

One evening, as the two brothers were about to embark for Fermini, Damiano stood for a long time gazing toward the horizon, where clouds of a deep dark blue were gathering, and pointed out to Antonio a large flock of petrel and other sea birds rising upon their white wings and hastening toward the shore.

"I think," said he, "that we had better not venture to Solente to night; Michelina cannot be offended, for she will know that the threatening storm has detained us. Let us return, and while we are repairing our nets, I will tell you some of the wonderful stories of my long voyage to America."

"And so you are afraid, my noble Americaine!" replied Antonio in a taunting tone. "You are not worthy of the love that Michelina gives you. Were she but mine, no storms would make me falter; and if a boat was wanting, how quickly would I leap into the sea and swim to her, rather than lose one promised meeting."

"But the future as well as the present claims my thoughts," replied Damiano, "and since I have loved Michelina, life has seemed to me so precious that I fear to endanger it; it is so sweet to be loved by that angel—it would be so sad were we so soon to be separated."

And thus, without dreaming; he was driving the envious nail still deeper into his brother's heart.

It is not likely that Antonio had really planned in his thoughts the fratricidal crime; but he was cherishing the vague hope that in some way this insurmountable perplexity would be ended.

If he himself should perish all his troubles would be over; if Damiano only, it would have been the arm of Providence which removed the barrier that came between him and the object of his adoration; and so he determined that they should that evening take their accustomed daily journey.

For about an hour they made little progress—the wind was pressing them hard upon the side, and they were exerting every force to avoid the dangers which bordered the shore.

The darkness increased rapidly; the wild roaring of the waves became more and more fearful, and the sea was covered with those flakes of foam which betoken storms and which the sailors call "moutons," because they are scattered upon the dark surface of the agitated waters like white sheep feeding on a prairie.

And now the muttering, but still distant thunder came nearer and nearer; the huge waves threatened to engulf the frail shell in which two audacious creatures were striving vainly against the combined elements. Borne rapidly to a prodigious height and falling as suddenly into the yawning gulf, then rising only to be entombed again.

Damiano was striving to guide the helm, while his brother was holding the oars; but both were silent—the one thinking of Michelina, and invoking the Holy Virgin and all the saints in paradise to leave him yet a few years if for her dear sake only, and pledging in return for his life, large gifts to the Madonna. The other was tormented by all the furies of the infernal regions, and with the increasing danger, a wilder, fiercer hope filled his breast.

It was the moment of the greatest peril—a billow, in dashing against them, had broken an oar, and while Antonio was endeavoring to find the extent of the injury, he heard a piercing cry, and turning, saw that the wave had washed Damiano overboard. With every energy of a drowning man he strove to cling to the boat, calling piteously on his brother for help.

But he base murderer, drew back his hand, saying in his pestilious soul: "Great God! and is thy will so soon accomplished?"

And then, to make more sure, with one blow of the broken oar his victims doom was sealed.

The tempest tossed wave received his last sad cry into her bosom, and as though the terrible truth had dawned upon him, the voice of the thunder seemed to repeat in the wild echoes of the storm—"Antonio, curses on you!"

A month had passed since the terrible catastrophe.

The friends of Damiano had approached Antonio with consoling words, which he had seemed to receive with thankfulness.

In the meantime, the fishermen had found the body of Damiano with marks of blows upon it, and the rumor soon spread that Antonio knew more about his brother's death than he cared to make known.

The incoherence of his words strengthened their suspicions. His society was shunned, and soon, alarmed at the well-founded mutterings of the public voice, Antonio disappeared.

It was supposed that he had gone to Lipari, an island not far distant.

So after a little while, this strange occurrence was forgotten in Fermini.

But not so with the waiting Michelina. Each evening, with dishevelled locks and naked feet, she might have been seen climbing the rocky sides of Mount Aliano and with wandering gaze searching far and near for her lover's bark, for which she had so long been waiting; then rushing down she would wander along the deserted shore piteously wailing "Alas! alas! Damiano!" Sometimes adding "The base deceivers tell me he is dead—as if he could die when I am waiting for him."

The children fled at her approach, fearing that the poor crazy maiden would throw them into the sea.

Incapable of providing for herself since the day when she had lost her lover, Michelina had seen her mother dying with grief, her sister removed to a hospital in Palermo, and she herself was living only on charity.

The author of all this trouble, the criminal Antonio, had thought it safe that considerable time should elapse before carrying out his infamous design.

From time to time he would go to Solante, where he was unknown, seeking tidings of Michelina.

Once he even followed her along the shore and witnessed the heart-rending scene we have described, and this even, he planned, would aid him in accomplishing his wishes.

With this in view, he set out one day from Lipari in time to arrive just at evening upon the beach at Solante.

He had dressed himself in his brother's garments, to heighten as much as possible, the natural resemblance, and had taken with him Nino, a young peasant boy, upon whose fidelity and assistance he could depend, as his design was to carry away Michelina to the lonely island he had made his home.

Arriving at the shore, he waited for her coming.

"Alas! alas! Damiano!" at that moment cried out the wandering maiden.

"Michelina," said the false Antonio, as he sprang from the boat, "I have come, Michelina."

A deep silence followed these words, and then Michelina answered:

"Why were you so long in coming? Do you no longer love me?"

"Yes; my beautiful Michelina. I have come to take you to my cabin. Will you follow me?"

"Do I not wish to follow you, dear Damiano," and she sprang lightly into the boat.

While Antonio was arranging the sail, Michelina threw herself into his arms, wildly questioning:

"Damiano where are we going?"

"To my cabin," replied Antonio.

"No, that is not your home," said Michelina. "You are no longer of this world—and now I know it. Your home is in the depths of the sea; but I shall never leave you more. Now all is over."

And saying these words, she folded him more closely in her strong arms.

The unearthly grasp of the maniac was not to be shaken off, and the little boat, left without guidance, was in danger of going over.

In that moment of despair, rang out from the base heart of Antonio:

"Look, Michelina! I am not Damiano; I am Antonio. In the name of heaven, Nino, to my rescue!" But entreaties were in vain.

At that moment the boat overturned, and the wild maiden and her false lover were floating on the waves.

Upon the morrow a sailor found the boy Nino almost dead with fear and exposure, clinging to a tattered sail, and Michelina and Antonio—the false and the true locked in each other's arms, and in the arms of death, were washed upon the rocky shore, and laid together in their last long sleep.

F. A. MITCHELL.

A LOVE'S LIFE.

BY J. ROBIN.

'Twas Spring-time of the day and year;
Clouds of white fragrance hid the thorn;
My heart unto her heart drew near,
And, ere the dew had fled the morn,
Sweet Love was born.

An August noon, an hour of bliss
That stands amid my hours alone,
A word, a look, then—ah, that kiss!
Joy's veil was rent, her secret known,
Love was full grown.

And now, this drear November eve,
What has to day seen done, heard said?
It boots not; who has tears to grieve
For that last leaf you t se has shed,
Or for Love dead?

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

IT will be enough to break her heart," he thought. "How will she bear it?" And then his thoughts reverted to the younger sister, and again his suspicions returned as to the attachment betwe n Sir Lawrence and her. "How strangely events turn out!" his meditations ran. "If it had not been for the mere accident of that fellow sleeving the ring entangled in Bertha Dalton's dress, this abominable plot might never have been unravelled, and my noble boy might never have been able to claim his own. Heaven bless him!" He turned once more towards the fire, and resumed his seat opposite Mr. Thomson.

"Is this unfortunate woman, Sedley's wife, likely to recover?" he asked.

"I believe the case is not considered hopeless, my lord," Mr. Thomson replied.

"About this opal ring—is it known what has become of it—who stole it the second time?" Lord Alphington inquired.

"Mrs Sedley, knowing where it was to be found from Miss Bertha Dalton having called upon her, got possession of it in order that she might have some proof to lay before you, should she be compelled to turn against her husband. It appears she threatened him with this. She has made full confession before a magistrate. The ring is now in the hands of the police. It will, of course, be restored to you," said Mr. Thomson.

"I am glad it will be restored to the family," Lord Alphington remarked. "One thing puzzled me," he added, after another pause. "I never could get a satisfactory explanation from this man Sedley why the proofs were not brought forward sooner—why I was not made acquainted with the fact years ago that my boy had left a legitimate son. I do not wonder now that he could give me no information on that point, can you?"

"No, my lord," Mr. Thomson returned. "I have not seen Mr. St. Lawrence—Mr. Fancourt, as we must now call him—nor communicated with him. Rigge has been my informant throughout. He came to me this morning with the news of the discovery and arrest, and I hastened here at once."

"I am much obliged to you," said the Earl; adding, "You do not know then, probably, why my grandson took the name of St. Lawrence?"

"My lord, I know nothing whatever of him," replied Mr. Thomson, as if afraid of again compromising himself. "And now, if you have no commands for me, I must beg you to excuse me—I have rather an important appointment."

"Pray do not let me detain you," said Lord Alphington. "I think no more can be said at present. I must see my grandson, and I will then communicate with you."

"And may I hope, my lord," said Mr. Thomson, bowing, "that you will forgive me for having most inadvertently led you into so grievous an error?"

"Certainly—certainly," Lord Alphington returned, holding out his hand. "I am very thankful this notorious plot has been discovered before fresh entanglements took place. Good morning."

When the lawyer had taken his departure, Lord Alphington rang the bell, and inquired if Sir Stephen Langley had returned. Being answered in the affirmative, he sent the servant to request Sir Stephen to join him in the library. The two were closeted for about an hour, at the end of which time the brougham was ordered round, and Sir Stephen was driven off to Ivy Cottage, the task of making the painful disclosure seeming most fitly to devolve upon him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS DALTON had been expecting Sir Stephen and Lady Langley to call, but it caused her no surprise when Sir Stephen appeared by himself. She knew Lady Langley liked to accomplish as much as she could in the way of shopping and sight seeing during her infrequent visits to town, and perhaps was not altogether sorry to postpone an interview with the lady until the marriage ceremony having been performed, any expostulation would be useless.

Nor did Sir Stephen's grave face and serious manner alarm her. She was quite aware that her future son-in-law was no greater favorite with the Langleys than with Lord Alphington, and that it was with an ill grace Sir Stephen was prepared to act the parental part and give Lena away.

Mrs. Dalton sat in her usual seat, Sir Stephen placing himself opposite to her. Something in the old knight's manner, now that she began to notice it more closely, made her uncomfortable; she fancied he was going to lecture her, as he had done upon previous occasions. She scarcely knew how to begin the conversation, feeling as though she were about to pull the string of a shower-bath without exactly knowing what the result would be. Sir Stephen also for once in his life felt somewhat embarrassed.

"I am afraid," he began, "that what I have come to tell you will cause great distress; but it must be told. I wish, my dear madam, I could now feel assured that Madeline's affections are not set on this marriage; yet only yesterday, when we came up to town, I'd have given a good deal to know that they were."

"What has happened, Sir Stephen?" cried the poor lady, thoroughly frightened. "What is it you are going to tell me? Surely not that Lord Alphington has withdrawn his consent? Or has Mr. Fancourt—no, he would not think of breaking off—he is so very much in love with Lena."

Mrs Dalton's voice began to quiver. Sir Stephen really pitied her, though he had never felt any great respect for his friend's widow.

"If the engagement has to be broken, it is by no act of Lord Alphington's, I assure you, Mrs. Dalton. I asked the question about the real state of Lena's affections because it will be well if the separation from her betrothed, which has now become necessary, will not be so great a grief to her as might have been feared."

"Separation—necessary!" gasped Mrs. Dalton. "What can you mean, Sir Stephen?"

"The man who called himself Fancourt has proved an impostor," Sir Stephen replied. "He is not Lord Alphington's grandson."

Mrs. Dalton gave a little shriek.

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Fancourt is not Mr. Fancourt?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the villain, to come here and propose to my poor Lena! And now—oh, what shall we do! And the very wedding breakfast ordered!"

Mrs. Dalton fairly wrung her hands, she was so totally unprepared for such a revelation. If it had been any one else who had told her, she would have refused to believe; but she knew too well the character of her informant to doubt his word, or to imagine for a moment that he would come to her with such a story unless on good foundation.

"You know how truly sorry Lady Langley and I were that this engagement should have taken place," said Sir Stephen; "and now certainly poor Lena is placed in a most painful position. But I hope, when you know all, you will at least feel thankful that matters have gone no further. The real name of this scoundrel is Sedley, and he is already a married man."

Again Mrs. Dalton shrieked.

"It is dreadful—dreadful!" she cried. "Oh, my poor, precious Lena—it will be enough to kill her! I believe it will kill me!"

It was only the wholesome awe she felt of Sir Stephen Langley that saved her from hysterics. She gulped down the rising sob, placing her handkerchief to her eyes. Sir Stephen regarded her compassionately; but what could he say or do? In his heart he could not feel sorry that the marriage was put an end to, painful as were the circumstances.

"But Lord Alphington believed Mr Fancourt—or whoever he is—to be his grandson," said Mrs. Dalton, withdrawing her handkerchief.

"Yes, he did; and sorry enough he was to be obliged to own him," returned the knight. "It was only this morning that he was undeceived—that the real heir was discovered, whom the rascal had supplanted by means of robbery."

Mrs. Dalton became more and more distressed as she had time to take it all in. Her tears became uncontrollable. All the brilliant prospects in which she had indulged faded away. What could she say to her friends? What would become of Lena? It was too hard to bear.

"You are acquainted with the young man who is the real Mr. Fancourt," said Sir Stephen, striving to turn his companion's mind from the contemplation of her woes.

Mrs Dalton made no reply. She took no interest; she was too much crushed.

"You have hitherto known him under the name of St Lawrence," Sir Stephen continued.

"St. Lawrence!" exclaimed the poor lady; with returning animation, her cheeks flushing. "Then everybody is turning out to be somebody else! How is one to know? Are you sure, Sir Stephen?"

"Yes, we are sure this time," Sir Stephen answered, surprised by the sudden change in her manner.

"Well, I always liked Mr. St. Lawrence; I always said there was something distinguished about him. Perhaps things mayn't be so very bad after all," she went on, drying her eyes as a bright idea struck her.

A sort of grim smile passed across Sir Stephen's face. "The woman is a fool," he said to himself. Mrs. Dalton became confidential, thinking the smile was caused by an idea answering to that in her own mind.

"I don't mind telling you, Sir Stephen, being such an old friend of the family," she said, smoothing the folds of her dress, "but I am quite sure Mr. St. Lawrence admires Lena. He would not own to it when I spoke to him—you see I thought it only kind to warn him—but then of course he couldn't propose. Now it will be quite different, and the *trousseau* all ready, and everything."

Sir Stephen thought to himself that in the course of his life he had met with some as worldly as Mrs Dalton, but with none so silly. Her utter foolishness disarmed him; it seemed scarcely necessary to reply seriously to her argument, and yet he could not quite let it pass.

"I know nothing of Mr. St Lawrence's sentiments," he said. "I can well understand that in Lena's case the position was a greater attraction than the man Sedley, and it is well, as she will suffer less; but that she will allow herself to be transferred like a shuttlecock in that way I should be sorry to believe of any woman."

Mrs. Dalton felt the tone of reproof, though she altogether failed to understand in what respect she had displeased her companion. She shed a few tears again.

"But there was no affection," she said, "so there couldn't be any to transfer. And don't you see it would be such a good arrangement—everything could go on just as if nothing had happened."

"Make such an arrangement then by all means," Sir Stephen returned, rising from his seat, now really angry; "if such is to be the termination of the case, any commiseration or sympathy I may have been inclined to feel would be quite misplaced. Marry Lena to the present Mr. Fancourt if you can, but don't ask me to give her away. I wash my hands of the affair altogether. I wish you good morning. Give my love to little Bertha, and under the circumstances the sooner you let her come to the Larches the better."

So saying, the old sailor departed in a fume, leaving Mrs Dalton utterly disconcerted. There was everything upset for Lena, and Sir Stephen Langley was displeased—she could not tell why—and perhaps Lord Alphington would be displeased too—as if she had been in fault in any way! Sir Stephen had said that the man calling himself Fancourt was an imposter and a bad man, and he had been from the first opposed to the marriage, and yet now he was angry because Lena had not loved him; it was too unreasonable, Mrs. Dalton argued with herself. Lena was to have married Lord Alphington's grandson, and, if the grandson turned out to be a nicer person than they expected, it was surely all the better for Lena.

She could not make out where the objection could be; her head was giddy. She sat leaning on her hand, unable to see her way quite clearly, but feeling as if everything had got topsy-turvy, and she was called upon to set matters straight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARRIVED at the station, Eliza led her two companions for some little distance along the high-road, then along a less frequented road, and finally down a lane bordered on each side by high hedgerows and tall elms. The mist hung thick over the landscape, the fallen leaves were sodden under foot, the summer glory was gone from copse and meadow.

"I wish we hadn't come," said Lena, shivering. "It's very disagreeable."

Bertha did not speak. Her imagination was too busy with speculations as to what might await them at their journey's end.

They soon reached the cottage, and Eliza opened the door. They were ushered into the room above the parlor; a comfortable looking woman in clean white cap and apron stood beside the bed on which the invalid lay. Twenty four hours of illness of body and anguish of mind had made sad havoc with Julie Lemont. A look of recognition came into her face as Bertha entered.

"Ah," she said, in a feeble voice, speaking with difficulty, "we have met before. Do you not remember?"

If it had not been that she had heard the woman's name, and but for her association with the ring, Bertha would have failed to recognize in the deathlike object before her the handsome, showy woman she had seen in Westbourne Grove; but, with this clue, she knew it must be the same.

"Yes, I remember. I am sorry to see you so ill," she said, kindly.

Mrs. Lemont turned to the nurse.

"Leave us—you need not be afraid that I shall get away," she said, with a ghastly smile. "I want to speak to these young ladies alone."

"She takes on fainting all of a sudden," remarked the nurse, hesitatingly. "The doctor said she wasn't to be left for a minute."

"Perhaps, if you wouldn't mind going into an adjoining room, I could call you, if necessary," Bertha suggested.

"Very well, miss," the nurse replied, taking confidence in Bertha's look and manner; "I'll go into the room at the other side of the passage. I shan't hear what's said; and, if I'm wanted, just ring the hand-bell, please—I shall understand."

Satisfied with the arrangement, she went away. Eliza had retired immediately upon showing the young ladies into the room.

When she had gone Mrs Lemont told her story. That the false Fancourt was her husband; how he had attempted to poison her, and her own part in the miserable plot. What a revelation it was to the proud, high-strung, petted beauty!

For a time she managed to maintain composure, but the effort was too much for her. She had to break down at last.

"There is nothing now for me in this world," she wildly sobbed. "Nothing more for me in this world—nothing!"

At this point, overcome by weakness and excitement, Mrs. Lemont fainted.

"Hush!" said Bertha. "I hear some one coming."

It was the nurse. She opened the door softly and rushed to her mistress.

Bertha gladly seized the opportunity of getting Lena away. Bidding the nurse good evening, she left her address, in case she could be of any use, and led the way out, breathing more freely when they were once beyond the gate.

It was a dismal walk back to the station. Fortunately they had not long to wait for a train, and the bustle consequent upon a journey home roused Lena, and helped to restore her self possession better than anything else could have done.

On the day previous to the visit of Lena and Bertha to Mrs. Lemont, St. Lawrence received a note from Mr. Rigge soon after Lord Alphington left him, which in some degree lightened his anxiety. It assured him that all would be divulged in time to stop the marriage, so that a premature disclosure would be unnecessary. And so it was.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he received a message from Lord Alphington, desiring his immediate presence in Magnus Square; and then, at last, he felt himself quite secure.

Lord Alphington received him in the library, where hung the portrait of Eustace Fancourt, his father. When the door closed upon him, Lord Alphington came eagerly forward, but, unable to speak, he passed his arm round his grandson's shoulder, and wept. Eustace was scarcely less affected—he clasped the old man's hand.

"God bless you, my dear boy!" faltered the Earl, while, raising his head, he placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, and held him at arm's length. "Yes, the likeness is even greater than I thought at first," he said. "But there is more of strength in the face, more of self-reliance. A happier future lies before you, I hope and trust. Sit down, Eustace—we have much to talk over together."

A long colloquy then followed, deeply interesting to them both. In answer to Lord Alphington's question as to why the proofs had not been brought forward sooner, Eustace said that he could give no positive information—he had never been taken into his mother's confidence—and that, from some hints that had been dropped—chiefly, he confessed, by his cousin Sedley—he had been afraid to attempt to prove the question of his legitimacy.

"I think now that probably my mother felt sore that her husband's relatives never acknowledged her, having no idea he had kept his marriage secret," he said. "She was a woman who held strongly to any prejudice she had once formed, and she was a staunch republican. I can suppose she dreaded that I might be taken from her by my English relatives, and brought up in a different sphere from her own. No doubt with a view to the future, however, she was always desirous I should obtain the utmost culture; and, after I left college, she sent me to travel for some years in Europe. I returned to America when I was warned that her health was failing; and she died a few days after my arrival. When she felt the end drawing near, she told me for the first time about my father's family, and placed the box containing the proofs in my hands, charging me not to open it till I reached England, and then to bring the contents at once to you. How I was robbed on the way during a severe attack of illness you already know. Lemont was assiduous in his attendance upon me. I took it for kind heartedness then, and was glad to reward him as far as lay in my power, but it seems now he had another motive."

"Did you know this Lemont at all?" Lord Alphington asked.

"No; I had never seen him till we met on board—nor did I hear his name, as in the ship he was called Pierre; but, when Bertha Dalton described him, I recognized the man at once," Eustace replied.

"You were not aware that your cousin was married till Rigge told you, I think you said?" Lord Alphington questioned.

"No; I had no idea of it," Eustace replied. "I remember Julie Lemont—she was

a sort of nursery governess in a family residing in the same town with us; a bold unscrupulous girl I thought her at the time My scamp of a cousin tried to entangle me with her to conceal his own intrigues. It was one of the first causes of our quarrel. I did not know till now that he had married her."

From the past they drifted into talking of future plans, and Eustace, not wishing to have any secrets from his grandfather, told him of his engagement to Bertha Dalton.

He was more than pleased, and after this they parted mutually satisfied with each other. Lord Alphington felt as if his long lost son had been restored to him, and St. Lawrence's happiness was made complete by finding in him who was now to stand in the paternal relation to him, one whom he could so thoroughly respect and love.

Little remains to be added. As Lord Alphington's heir St. Lawrence could not but be acceptable to Mrs Dalton. Thus his marriage with Bertha was to be speedily consummated.

The trial of Sedley and of Mrs. Lemont and her brother Pierre, came on The former was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and the latter to seven years each. After the expiration of the woman's sentence St. Lawrence, for we will still call him so, helped her back to Canada, and saw that she was comfortably provided for.

Lena Dalton, after her terrible escape, recovered slowly, but the brilliancy of her beauty was dimmed She moved about wan and spiritless, the ghost of her former self.

The doctor recommended change of scene and a warmer climate for the winter; and Mrs Dalton was glad to get away from the inquiries and condolence of her 'dear friends.' It was agreed to shut up Ivy Cottage and proceed to Italy, taking old Martin with them. Bertha wished to accompany them, not believing that Lena would recover strength or tranquility of spirits if left alone with her mother, who was continually harassing her with regrets, not to say reproaches Not only Eustace, however, but Lord Alphington and the Langleys set their faces steadily against this arrangement, and Bertha was obliged to yield.

It so happened that the daughter of the curate of the next parish to Alphington was seeking for some occupation. Kate Medhurst was a great favorite with Lady Langley; she had often wished for the girl, who was now four and twenty, a more extended experience of the world and an opportunity of cultivating the taste for art which she decidedly possessed A bright idea struck Lady Langley; Kate Medhurst should accompany Mrs Dalton and Lena to Rome. She was not only a thoroughly sensible and intelligent, but a lively and energetic girl, who could not fail to exercise a beneficial influence over Lena.

This arrangement satisfied all parties. Miss Medhurst was glad to go, on condition of having her expenses paid and being treated as one of the family, and Mrs Dalton was charmed with the idea of having some one who, like Bertha, would take all trouble off her hands.

Bertha was married the day before Mrs. Dalton left England. At her particular desire the wedding was a very quiet affair; she wished to have no grand preparations that would recall the past On their return to the house after the ceremony, Lord Alphington placed the opal ring on the finger of the bride.

"The prophecy has come true," he said; "and never has the ring been worn by one more worthy to become Countess of Alphington."

"Yes! will not be for many, many years yet, I trust," Bertha returned, touching with her lips the venerable hand that held hers.

"All in Heaven's good time, my love," said the Earl "But, if it be the will of Providence, I shall be glad to be spared a while to witness the happiness of my children."

He took Eustace's hand, and, joining it to Bertha's, pressed them both within his own with a fervent blessing. Sir Stephen Langley cleared his throat, and for a minute appeared to have something in his eye. He felt towards Bertha Fancourt, as she was now to be called, very much as if she had been a daughter of his own.

Mr. and Mrs Fancourt, after a short tour, went to stay at Alphington Park till after Christmas; they then went northwards to another seat belonging to the Earl, but which was now to be their own country home till the season commenced, by which time the house in Belgrave Square was to be ready for their reception.

Any one wishing for admittance there would have met the face of an old friend. The situation of hall porter becoming vacant, Perkins, at Mr. Rigg's request, was promoted to the post. It is perhaps needless to say that he filled it with much self satisfaction He looked upon Rigg as a wonderful man and held no grudge against him, but he had received a lesson, and was careful in the future How he became confidential over a glass of whiskey and water.

The Honorable Mr. and Mrs Fancourt had not yet returned to town when news arrived from Rome. Douglas had written warm congratulations both to Eustace and Bertha, and from subsequent letters they gathered that he had quite recovered his spirits. Now he was going to take them by surprise he said. He was about to be married. He had first been attracted to Kate Medhurst from a fancied resemblance to Bertha, but had soon learned to love her for herself. He had been working steadily during the winter and making money, and the want of fortune with his bride would be no drawback; she was worth her weight in gold herself, the enthusiastic bridegroom elect averred. Miss Medhurst would return to England with Mrs Dalton and Lena in the spring, and he would shortly follow. when he hoped a happy reunion awaited them all

"How glad I am!" Bertha exclaimed. "I think it was the only thing wanting to make my happiness complete."

"How jealous I was once," Eustace said, kissing his wife fondly, "when I was afraid the prophecy wouldn't come true! But now all has turned out well for Douglas has found the right woman, it seems, and my Bertha wears the opal ring"

[THE END]

The Thug Decoy.

BY JAMES P CAMPBELL

ALL have heard of the murderous Thugs of India.

The sons of Thugs were trained to the business from their earliest youth. At first they were not allowed to be present at the death scene of the victims. They were kept at a distance while the strangling went on, but were granted a share of the plunder to whet their appetite The general principle was to inveigle the victim into security; a male or female Thug was deputed for this purpose, and directed to lull him into perfect repose; then, at a chosen moment, to throw a cord or handkerchief round his neck, when the confederates rushed in and dispatched him. The Thugs disliked to shed blood. They strangled their victims, robbed them, and dug a grave. Before placing the body in the grave, however, they bled it under the armpits and let the blood run into the hole; as otherwise, in that climate, the corpse might have swelled, and caused fissures in the earth which would have attracted dogs and jackals to the spot

The office of strangler was the highest dignity among the Thugs. A man sometimes served years before attaining this distinction; but women occasionally obtained it.

It was in the early part of the century that a young Englishman departed from Calcutta for a journey into the northern regions of Hindostan. He was a man of fortune—sprang from a high family in England—was traveling solely in order to enlarge his mind. He left Calcutta with the best letters from the Government, and had, as is usual in India, a large retinue of servants and cattle.

He had not been two days gone when he fell in with a beautiful Hindoo girl, traveling alone in the same direction as himself. On inquiry he found that she was much terrified at the idea of performing the journey alone, and would be eternally grateful if the Englishman would allow her to follow in the wake of his party. She was so gentle, so pretty, and so defenceless, that the stranger offered her one of his horses and a place at his table. He was struck by her beauty; her large black eyes gazed at him with such tenderness and melancholy that he began to wish she were white or he bronzed. She rode beside him and taught him her native tongue He could not separate from her. She soon became the virtual chief of the caravan.

Only Asim, the Englishman's body servant, viewed the fair stranger with distrust. He warned his master against her, and more by signs—by passing his hand rapidly across his throat—than by words, intimated that no good was to come of their acquaintance To all which the Englishman replied, scoffingly, that he was well able to take care of himself.

They had traveled together for three or four days, and the Englishman was positively enamored of the fair Hindoo. They were sitting under the shade of a banyan tree, in the cool of the evening; Runa—the lady—was singing a plaintive song; and the Englishman, intoxicated with the magic of the scene and the delight of her society, was lounging idly by her side, with one of her small hands in his, when suddenly Asim shouted, or rather screamed. His master called:

"What's the matter?"

"Look there—down there!" cried Runa, pointing in the direction of the forest.

The Englishman turned to look, and strained his eyes to see. At that moment he felt round his throat a cord, which was drawn tighter and tighter, till he lost consciousness. His last recollection was of that same soft, small hand which he had so tenderly pressed, being thrust against the back of his neck with unwomanly strength, in order to draw the cord tighter The operation was performed so skillfully—strangulation was so rapid—that before he could utter a cry or move a muscle he was powerless

When he came to his senses he was lying—alone—at the bottom of a deep quarry or pitfall. He rose, and stood up; his limbs were whole. He had a painful sensation round the neck, which reminded him of the cord; and under one of his armpits he felt a sore place, which, on examination, proved to be a wound from a poniard He drew a long breath without pain, however, and thus satisfied himself that the weapon had not penetrated a vital part. He felt other bruises and sprains, but they were trifling to one accustomed to athletic exercises. While he was occupied in ascertaining the extent of his injuries, he heard a voice above call him—

"Master, master!"

"Halloa!" he cried. "Is that you Asim? Get me out of this hole!"

A shout of delight was the reply, and in a trice a rope was lowered, and the Englishman stood on the brink of the pitfall, which, it must be confessed, looked ugly enough when viewed from above.

Asim quickly told his story. The caravan had been attacked by a band of Thugs, to whom the fair Runa had served as decoy. When the Englishman was strangled, the Thugs fell upon the servants, some of whom were murdered where they stood, while others, and among these Asim, had prudently fled to a place of refuge. All the baggage had been carried off, and the Thugs had made a good thing of it. How they had allowed the Englishmen to escape was wonderful; they invariably dig a pitfall and bury their victims to avoid detection.

"They had better have buried me," said the Englishman, with a grim smile.

Asim showed his white teeth, and followed his master to Bunares, where he had friends.

There the Englishman found two English sailors, whom he engaged by the month; likewise four mountaineers, stout, able bodied fellows, whose courage was vouched for by Asim. All were well armed, and each provided with a serviceable pony; and thus, taking no baggage but their weapons, they started out in search of the Thugs. The sailors and mountaineers were notified at the end of their first day's journey that they were on an expedition which might cost them their lives, but that all the plunder of the Thug camp should be theirs if they were successful. They were abundantly satisfied with these terms

It was agreed that the Englishman was to travel in advance, with one of the sailors as his body servant, while the others were to follow at some little distance They resolved to take the road to Delhi, as the one which travelers would be most likely to pursue.

After two days' journey, as good luck would have it, they saw by the roadside a female weeping and throwing her arms about in the greatest semblance of despair. The Englishman rode up and almost leaped from his horse when he recognized the fair Runa. She, too, screamed and shuddered at the sight of him. She sprang up and tried to escape into the jungle; but the Englishman was too swift for her. she was caught and brought back. The Englishman taxed her with her perfidy; she was silent He questioned her; not a word would she utter. He threatened her; she only smiled. While the colloquy was going on, Asim rode up. Perceiving the state of the case, he very quietly made a gibbet by passing a rope over a tree. At that moment, however, they were attacked by the Thugs lying in wait two to one; but nothing could withstand the fury of the Englishman's followers. In less than one minute there was not one of the murderers standing. One, a tall, ferocious fellow, was lying gasping at the foot of the tree where Runa sat. He was a chief, or strangler; at the first shot he had bounded to the side of the luckless girl, and with the cry "Traitress!" had plunged his knife into her side. The next moment Asim had cut him down with a fearful sabre cut.

When morning came, the Englishman found sixteen dead bodies around him He buried them on the spot; and the story, which he printed at the time, was of service to the Government in deciding how to deal with the Thugs.

POLITENESS OF THE HEART - Says a Frenchman: "I hope I am as much a nineteenth century man as any; but I don't repudiate all in the past There was both good and charming things in it and I would fain steal some of its graces to adorn our modern life" And the outcome of true politeness he notes in the behavior of a little boy "One day when he was only five, his mother gave him a penny to carry to an old infirm beggar whom they met on the road. The child took the coin, and as he dropped it into the outstretched hand he raised his cap. Thanks to him, we can complete thought and say. 'Politeness is like great thoughts, it comes from the heart.'"

"Your mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are traveling the border land, frontier between the paradise of faith and the Arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic" "Divil a bit" said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation "I'm a Dimmycrat, ivery inch o' me."

Men sentences acquire, woman are born with it.

THE TIGER.

THE common tiger of Cochin-China is not greatly dreaded, but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The Governor presented one of the latter to the commander of our ship. In Saigon, where dogs are "dog cheap," we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into the cage, when, after playing with her victim for awhile, as a cat does with a mouse her eyes would begin to glisten and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and sucked the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth.

One day, a puppy, not at all remarkable or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy, and with as good humored an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others crouching in the manner of the fabled sphynx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavoring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and slept From this time they were inseparable; the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return, treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress Experiments were subsequently made by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the cage, when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness The natives made several unsuccessful attempts to steal this dog from us.

The King, it was stated, had some white elephants, but I never saw one in the country. Elephants are occasionally eaten, but the use of them, as well in this respect as all others, is confined to the King and nobility. While upon an excursion one day, in pursuit of some planks to repair one of our boats, we observed, before an old woman's stall, what we supposed to be turtle boiled and exposed for sale in square pieces; but our linguist told us it was *caymon* or alligator, and bid us follow him which we did, to an enclosure at the back of the building where there were about twenty of these hideous animals, from two to twelve feet in length, walking about with their jaws bound together. The method of taking them, we were told, was by placing a number of small lines in their haunts, with which they become entangled, and fall an easy prey to the hunters.

In a species of palm tree, at the top, is a succulent bud, resembling in some degree an artichoke. In the heart of this bud is generally, if not universally, an unctuous white maggot or grub, as large as one's thumb, which is esteemed a great delicacy, and is a monopoly of the royal family and mandarins of the first distinction. A present of about a dozen of these buds, containing the worms, was sent us once by the Viceroy, as a mark of great consideration. It is hardly necessary to say we declined eating this delicacy. BUCKLAND

TO CATCH A FAIRY.—As from their occasional residence underground, both goblins and fairies were supposed to understand the mysteries of metals, they were frequently consulted by searchers after the philosopher's stone, who affected, among other accomplishments, to possess a power of invoking fairies One of the recipes for this operation is to be found in an old work at Oxford First, we are to get a square crystal or Venice glass, three inches in length and three inches in breadth. This Venice glass is to be laid for three successive Fridays or three successive Wednesdays in the blood of a white hen. It is then to be taken out, washed in holy water, fumigated and carefully put away for the present We are then directed to take three hazel sticks or wands of a year's growth, and peel them, making each flat on one side and cutting them to such a length that the name of the fairy whom we have decided to invoke may be written three times on the flat side of each stick. These wands are then to be buried on a Wednesday under some hill which we conceive to be the haunt of fairies. On the following Friday we may dig them up, at eight, at three, or at ten o'clock Those who perform this charm must be of pure life and must turn their faces to the east. "And when you have her, bind her to that stone of glass." So ends the recipe.

THE CENSUS PAPER.

BY W. M. ROSSETTI

My little Olive, aged now five years
I for the census have inscribed your name;
And, when ten more years shall have played their game
Of spring and winter, and your sixteenth nears,
Mayhap I'll write you afresh. It next appears
Your twenty-sixth, you for yourself may frame
The attested womanhood; or, if our name
Familiar surname lapsed in smiles and tears
Of courtship and of wedlock, his the hand,
Your husband's hand, that will assume the pen,
And link "Olive" with some name unguessed,
And, sweet my daughter, may the pen not rend
Till eighty-five in west be reached—and then
Follow your father to the unt odden land.

The Old Chest.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL

FROM among the recollections of childhood—a mingled mass of pleasant associations, consisting of merry faces favorite sports, laughable jests and interesting tales—we have succeeded in collecting the main particulars of the story of Aunt Hetty's chest, as related by an aged friend, who, many years since, followed Aunt Hetty to the home of the pilgrim.

Of the birth, nativity or pedigree of Aunt Hetty, we remember nothing at all, except that she was once a child that she grew to womanhood, was married, and became a widow when her husband fell in a great battle of '76 and afterward occupied, alone, a very humble cottage in the country.

Her tenement consisted of but two rooms and a rude attic. This she rented with the small pension which she received from the government after her husband's death, the overplus of which, with what she could earn by her daily labor in knitting, served to afford her a tolerably comfortable livelihood.

Ere long she fell sick. For a while the neighbors were thoughtful and kindly in attentions, but gradually neglected her. Then she began to suffer quite severely.

But when somehow or other it was rumored that Aunt Hetty possessed a mysterious chest which contained enormous wealth, but which her miserly disposition prevented her from using, the curiosity of three of her neighbors were excited.

There were the Mrs. Artful, and the maiden ladies, the Misses Sharpeye. They scented possible advantage in the circumstance and were extraordinarily solicitous for the old woman's comfort unto the end.

One day the eldest of the sisters had said—

"Pray, Aunt Hetty, what do you keep in that old chest? It is a handy thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, Fanny; and if that old chest could talk, it could tell wondrous tales. It has been in my family, and that of my parents for above a hundred years, and it has been entrusted with many a bag of gold, as well as other valuables. It is as safe as a bank."

"Ah, I never thought it was worth anything. I have often noticed it setting in the corner there. But come to look at it, now, I see it is a very strong box, built of hard wood. Where's the key? Let's look into it, since it is such an antiquated concern."

"Oh, dear heart, I would not have it opened on any account. I regard it as a very sacred treasure. It was the last gift of my poor mother, and no one has looked into it but myself since she died, nor ever will, until I am gone; then I shall bequeath it to my best friend."

This confirmed the sisters' suspicions and they were more attentive than ever. Then one morning at breakfast the astounding news came that aunt Hetty had been seized with a fit during the night and lay at the point of death. They hastened with all possible despatch to the house and arrived but just in time to see her breathe her last.

Big tears were shed over the remains of poor Aunt Hetty, and audible sighs followed the tender and sympathizing exclamations—"Dear, good old soul! She has gone to heaven, no doubt," and the like, from the bereaved friends, the Misses Sharpeye and Mrs. Artful, who were the only witnesses of the scene.

All that remained to be done now was the last office due to their departed friend—that of preparing her body for the burial, and consigning the clay to its native earth. This was performed jointly by the three; and the services being ended, expenses defrayed and all matters regarding the funeral settled by the kind sisters, they assembled at the house to lay claim to their bequest.

"How dreary the place looks," remarked Mrs. Artful, casting her eyes around the deserted tenement. "I shall never want to enter this house again, let who will live here."

"Nor I," said Betsey, sorrowfully. "How much we shall miss the poor old lady, she was such good company."

"Ah, yes, indeed," sighed the former. "Well, we may as well take the things away. She will want them no more. She told me they were to be divided between us three."

"Very well. Take your choice, Mrs. Artful. I do not see anything that I care much about except that old chest. It is not worth anything to any one else, only it is a kind of handy thing to have in the house. You and Fanny can divide the rest."

"That is just the reason why I was going to choice myself. I have had my eye on it for some time, and Aunt Hetty as much as said that she intended I should have it."

"Well, she told me more than that," interrupted Fanny. "She said that it was to go to her best friend, contents and all. Now if that is not me, it is my sister, I am very sure.

Come, we wont banter about, this trash any longer. You shall have the whole—everything, except the chest. Fanny is not particular, and I will be satisfied with that."

"Well—I don't mind," said Mrs. Artful, after a moment's thought. "I suppose I can do without it. I have got chests enough in the house now."

Accordingly the furniture was shortly removed to their respective residences. The ponderous chest—as much as two men could lift—being duly deposited in a snug corner that had been previously cleared for its reception, in the Misses Sharpeye's kitchen.

Mrs. Artful was quite surprised on getting the old furniture into her house, to see how well it looked, and what a number of really useful articles there was among it.

To say the least, she was fully satisfied with her bargain, let the Misses Sharpeye be as fortunate as they might with their prizes.

Everything was calm and quiet at the residence of the sisters. They had rested themselves for an hour after the fatigue and excitement of settling the estate of poor old Aunt Hetty; the doors were all closed, and after taking a look in every direction, to be certain that no one was near, Fanny began making preparations for opening the chest.

One wrench of Fanny's strong arm, and click went the bolt. Both assisted in raising the lid, which was made of thick, hard wood plank—and now for the contents.

The body of the chest was made of the same hard wood, and not a thing did it contain, save a slip of paper apparently cut from an old Bible, and pasted on the inside of the lid, which read as follows: "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The astonishment of the sisters may be imagined, but not described. The chest was relocked, and never to their dying day was either Betsey or Fanny heard to speak of its contents. No questions were asked by Mrs. Artful, either; which can be accounted for only by supposing that she must have had a sly peep some time previously.

Thus ends the story of Aunt Hetty's old chest; though in all human probability it still occupies an honored seat in some quiet nook or corner somewhere. And it is not impossible that it may again serve its owner as good a purpose, as it really did Aunt Hetty in her old age.

ABOUT PRECEDENCE.—An amusing French medieval poem gives a graphic sketch of a party of ladies at the church door, deciding who shall go out first. Each hesitates, until it is discovered that the right of precedence rests with a certain old "Lady Sybilla," who is still at her prayers. She is at once disturbed at her devotions. Two ladies, some time later, had so bitter a quarrel on the question of precedence in entering church, that the Emperor Charles V. was appealed to as arbiter on the subject. He decided that the younger should yield to the elder, and after that the struggle was which should walk last. At Marie Antoinette's rising she was kept shivering for her garments, which were being passed from one lady to another until they reached the hands of the highest in rank, who alone had the right of presenting them. The second wife of Philip II. of Spain, had been yet more victimized by the rights of precedence among her attendants, being obliged to wait for such simple luxuries as a bath, until her ladies had settled who was to have the honor of preparing it.

To the affidavit concerning the qualities of Frank Siddalls Soap, in this issue of the POST, the editor of this paper gives his fullest personal endorsement. A successful use in his own household justifies him in saying it is all, and even more than it is represented. We advise everyone to try it at once.

THE STORY OF FANS.

ALTHOUGH to a foreigner the dress of the Chinese would seem the most monotonous and unvarying, and from its very shape and style not at all susceptible of much variety, yet the fact is that it does change from season to season, and some variety, however slight, is introduced almost annually. Amongst the minor appendages, fans especially are subject to the fancies of the day and of the wearer, with some strictly observed general rules of propriety to go by.

There are winter and summer fans, made of heavier or lighter materials, and larger or smaller in size in proportion to the amount of air required at the particular season they are intended to be used. It seems rather ridiculous to speak of warm and cold fans, yet in a poem by a celebrated Chinese poet the following line occurs: "In the tenth moon the people of the city turn to their fans." It is considered the height of bad taste in China to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the season.

Very few Europeans are aware that the black Chinese fans, which are imported in such numbers, are almost unsaleable amongst the better classes in the country where they are made. Indeed, no Chinese man or woman, except the most humble, would be seen with one, for the reason that they are considered emblematical of moral impurity, precisely as the purely white fan is regarded as typical of death and bereavement. All black things are avoided, on the strength of the old proverb that "proximity to vermillion makes a man red; to ink, black." So the black fans are relegated to the poorer classes, who cannot be fastidious; and to the hated foreigner, for whom nothing is considered bad enough.

There is one exception to this rule in favor of old people, who, after having lived a blameless life, are regarded as being beyond the risk of contamination by the despised black fan.

The height of fashion attainable on a fan is one of white silk, either round, square, or hexagonal, and decorated with paintings of flowers, birds, &c.; or, better still, inscribed with some verses from the giver. But the numbers of artists who can both write verses and paint is limited, and anyone who can do both is sure of constant employment and handsome remuneration.

For state occasions and "high days and holidays," the large non-folding feather fan is considered indispensable. Here and in Europe this kind is used as fire-screen; but a Chinese would open his almond eyes with amazement to see it put to such a use.

But one has to go to China to become aware of all the possibilities of the fan makers art. Such marvelous effects, such a happy blending of feathers, beetles' wings, paintings of butterflies, birds, flowers &c., can only be seen in the country itself, and then oftentimes only as a great favor at the hands of some great man.

There is another fan made in China, which seldom finds its way out of that country, the process of manufacturing being a secret. Although made only of paper stretched over thin whalebone or bamboo it may be left in water many hours without injury.

The greatest curiosity is, although it seems a paradox, a fan that is no fan. This is the "steel" or "bludgeon" fan, shaped to resemble a closed fan, but in reality a solid bar of steel. It is carried sometimes as a life preserver, but more often as a weapon of offence by the dangerous classes. The "dagger" fan, an invention of the Japanese, is far more elegant in appearance, often being made of the finest ebony, ivory, or lacquer, in imitation of a folding fan. But the resemblance goes no farther than the two outside pieces; it is merely a sheath for a sharp dagger of the finest steel, which shoots out on touching a hidden spring. The importation of these dangerous weapons into China has always been forbidden.

AN UNWHOLESOME LESSON.—It has become a sort of fashion to tell boys that with energy they can win for themselves any position in life that they desire. This is not true, and therefore not a wholesome lesson for them to learn. There is every variety of work in the world to be done, and every variety of talent and ability to do it. If these could be wisely fitted together, both public and private interests would be secured. But if, instead of this, people are forever aiming to do something beyond their power and neglecting that for which they are specially adapted, nothing but ruin can ensue. M. S.

A little girl was invited, not long since, with other children, to visit a lady who had the misfortune to be a deaf mute. She entertained the children in her own way and made the time pass very pleasantly. When they returned to their home the mother of the fair, blue-eyed four year old asked her what the lady said to her. The little fairy replied: "Why, mamma, she did not say anything—she had a lame mouth.

Give an example of a figure of speech—Naught set down in malice.

Scientific and Useful.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—An English scientist has utilized a brook near his home to run a dynamo-electric machine by means of a turbine water-wheel, and so manages to secure electricity enough to keep 27 lamps in a state of incandescence in his house. In this case the motive power costs nothing, and electric lighting in this way is an exceptional luxury.

SOUNDING LEADS.—The lead used in sounding from a vessel usually weighs about 14 pounds, but in deep sea soundings a weight of not less than 150 pounds is usually employed. Wire has been largely used for a line, as it makes less friction in sinking through the water. With hemp rope a sinker of 300 weight is sometimes 20 minutes in reaching the bottom in 3 000 feet of water, so great is the friction of the line.

SAFETY ENVELOPES.—Much has recently been said about tampering with letters. To avoid this calamity a safety envelope has been invented. On the flap of the envelope the words "Attempt to open" are printed with a double set of chemicals, the first impression containing nut-gals, and the second green vitriol. If the flap be steamed or moistened in any way, the magic printing will appear, to betray the attempt to open.

MEASURING STAR DISTANCE.—The general principle is that of triangulation. The base line may be the earth's diameter, 8 000 miles, but for any objects as far off as the stars, we have to take the diameter of the orbit of the earth (185 000 000) as a base line. Even that coupled with an ability to measure one hundred thousandth of an inch, does not suffice to make many stars show a difference of angle at the two ends of the base line.

CALCULATING MACHINE.—A Spanish resident of New York has been devoting his leisure hours for several years in developing a machine that will multiply and divide, and has finally succeeded. It will produce a product having fifteen figures and the factors may be of nines, or less than six figures. A turn of a small crank once for each figure in the multiplier, displays the product on a disk. The work is almost instantaneous and the accuracy is unimpeachable.

CASES OF ACCIDENT.—For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If any artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will of an spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low. Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or the end of a cigar. In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by mustard and water. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving; if in the water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

Farm and Garden.

CATERPILLARS.—When caterpillars infest gooseberry bushes, they may be destroyed by watering the bush with an infusion of alum. It will kill all the caterpillars without in the least injuring the fruit.

BEES AND HENS.—It has been discovered that hens are exceedingly partial to live bees. One hundred and eighty bees were found a short time back in the crop of a hen. Bee-masters should therefore keep a sharp look-out upon their poultry.

MEALY BUG ON PLANTS.—An English florist gets rid of mealy-bug simply by dipping plants in pots in a tub of water, the head downward. Turpentine or other remedy of severe character is dangerous, and if used at all should be in very weak solution and quickly rinsed off.

WORMS IN PIGS.—A Western paper says that flour of sulphur is a simple and effective remedy against worms in pigs, and the animals readily partake of it, when mixed in gruel or other sloppy food. For pigs under three months old a teaspoonful is a dose, and for older ones a small tablespoonful. It may be given four days in succession, morning and evening, and repeated every other week. Give plenty of sour milk, green food, celery tops, scorns, and sliced raw onions. Avoid stagnant and putrid water. Give access to charcoal and ashes.

HINTS.—Pumkin seeds act as a diuretic on cattle. Cows in milk should never have access to them. Before pumpkins are fed the seeds should always be removed, for they decrease the throw of milk very rapidly. Soil should be kept clean and mellow around newly-set fruit trees. To destroy caterpillars pour a little kerosene oil on their nests. If you wish to make a nail drive easily and last long without rusting, dip it in melted grease first. This is an excellent method for fencing and other exposed work. Whale oil soap applied to the body of the tree three or four times during the season, will destroy that pest of the orchard, the borer.

LOOKING GLASSES FOR BIRDS.—A correspondent says: "The following plan is perfectly efficacious for scaring birds from fruit and other produce. Birds had attacked my pears; on suspending a few bits of broken looking glass amongst them, the marauders left the place. The tom-tits attacked my pears. A bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were then much damaged, before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I had before tried many plans, but never found any so effectual as the above.

MANGE IN A HORSE.—This is caused by an insect. Whitewash the stable and stalls with lime and cover the floor also with it, as the mange insect will live upon the wood work for some months, and return to the horse if not destroyed. Treat as follows for the disease: Make an ointment of lard twelve parts, carbolic acid one part, and sulphur two parts. Rub these together thoroughly, until it is well mixed and smooth. Work some of this ointment into the affected portion of the skin twice a day. Give an ounce of flour of sulphur daily in the feed, until the perspiration of the horse smells strongly of it, then discontinue it, but continue the use of the ointment for some time longer, until the skin recovers a healthy appearance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

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Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POETRY.

COURTESY AT HOME.

It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them; decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. There are many men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relapse on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word. Taking the expression in its ordinary social acceptation, it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact, that refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable. In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continual use, whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil.

SANCTUM CHAT.

As the weather grows hotter the face of the summer hotel-keeper grows broader until he has to have his photograph taken in sections.

—

THE immense exodus of her citizens to America has finally awakened Germany to the necessity of shutting doors against emigration. In Berlin and various other cities the public exhibition of placards of emigration agents or of foreign steamship companies has been prohibited, and a bill impeding emigration will be introduced in the next session of the Reichstag.

—

I SAW more intoxicated women at the Derby than on any former occasion, says a writer in the London World, and not merely the females with whom inebriety is normal, but decent-looking women, apparently the wives and the sweethearts of artisans and small shopkeepers. Perhaps the heat of the weather upset their calculations as to the amount of liquor they could take with impunity.

—

RUSSIAN villages have no newspapers, and the villagers are ignorant and degraded. It is very difficult to convey to them any political news, and the revolutionists have hard work to indoctrinate them with their ideas. But this very ignorance makes them cruel and brutal, and the educated Russians fear that if a revolution should once be organized the dreadful scenes in France in 1789 will be re-enacted through Russia

—

AT the recent imperial wedding, in Vienna, when the church was crowded almost to suffocation and the imperial cortege began to make its appearance, Princess Pauline Metternich, quite unconcernedly, not only rose in her seat, but mounted upon the velvet covered bench, a proceeding which was instantly imitated by nearly all the high-born ladies present, much to the discomfiture of the spectators behind them. Despite numerous more or less polite suggestions, the persistent aristocratic sightseers retained their elevated position throughout nearly the whole of the wedding ceremony.

—

FEMALE "animated sandwiches" have invaded the streets of London, and it is a common sight to encounter a bevy of damsels promenading the thoroughfares in single file to the number of about half a dozen, besides a conductor. The costumes in which these young ladies appear varies in the case of the individual, much evidently being left to personal taste and preferences, although the toilet adopted may in the main be described as being as far as possible removed from the ordinary idea of walking dress, and as approaching as nearly as the circumstances would allow to the negligé of the ballet.

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A ST. PETERSBURG paper gives some curious details as to the means taken to ensure the safety of the Emperor. Every person arriving at the palace, without exception, has to be subjected to a strict examination as to who he is, the reason of his coming, &c. All this is written down with and if considered satisfactory he is carefully conveyed to the person with whom he has business. On leaving his name is again written down and he is sent off of the premises. All the servants and workmen employed are, photographed and carry one copy about them with a written certificate on the back, a duplicate being kept in the office.

—

COLOR blindness as a cause of disasters is now tolerably well recognized by those intrusted with the safety of passengers on land or by water. Sounds, however, as well as colors, are employed as signals, and the inability to distinguish the former may prove as fatal as a lack of sensibility to the latter. Sometimes, too, persons having excellent eyes have very poor ears, and the contrary is also true. But perhaps the gravest source of catastrophes, especially in railroad travel, is the tendency of engineers to what may be called absence of mind, especially when these men manage their locomotives for months and years over the same monotonous track.

—

HERE is a story for these little boys who have a mind to run away with the circus. Leotard Carlo was made a performer in the ring when he was only two years old, beginning as a posturant for riders, and afterwards becoming an expert on the trapeze. He wore the brightest of spangled costumes, smiled industriously while at work, and altogether was an object of envy to juvenile spectators. A few days ago a pitiably ragged and wan lad of twelve was caught stealing a drink of milk from a can in a Boston street. Being arrested, he said that he was Leotard Carlo, that lameness had incapacitated him for gymnastic feats, and that for months he had been a starving, shelterless tramp.

—

FOR those people whose stoutness is a matter of solicitude, whether because it is uncomfortable or unfashionable, the following diet is proposed by a prominent physician. May eat lean mutton and beef, veal and lamb, soups not thickened, beef tea and broth, poultry, fish and eggs, bread in moderation, greens, cresses, lettice, etc., green peas, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, fresh fruit without sugar. May not eat, fat meat, bacon or ham, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni, custard, pastry and puddings, sweet cakes. May drink tea, coffee, cocoa from nibs, with milk, but no sugar; dry wines in moderation; brandy, whisky and gin in moderation without sugar; light bitter beer, soda and seltzer water. May not drink milk, except sparingly, port and stout, sweet ales, sweet wines. As a rule, alcoholic liquors should be taken sparingly, and never without food.

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THERE is only one happy woman in Russia. It is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "as happy as a priest's wife" The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed and becomes a mere layman; his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife if he can, and makes him take extraordinarily good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put into hot blankets, if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

—

A GOOD antidote to the mining fever may possibly be found by some persons who contemplate changing a comfortable home for they know not what, in the following paragraph from the San Francisco Bulletin:—"There are not less than 2,000 prospectors in the mountains of California at the present time. Most of them have been prospecting for ten or twenty years. They are all poor. With few exceptions they have been poor and "hard up" all the time. They do not average fifty cents a day the year round; and no men work harder, or more hours a day. They live on the coarsest and cheapest food, with no luxuries, and wear the cheapest of clothing. But they toil on month after month and year after year, hopefully and courageously, infatuated and driven forward with the belief that they will "strike it rich" one of these days, and then they will have a rest and a good time "down at the Bay" or at the old home "in the States."

—

A NOTED lecturess on the subject said recently in reply to a question, "What have you accomplished by your work for woman suffrage?" "Well, I should say we had accomplished a great deal Since the beginning of the woman suffrage agitation thirty years ago we have gained school suffrage in twelve States, law, theology and medicine—all the professions have been thrown open to us; all the western colleges and universities admit women. There are in the country one thousand licensed female doctors, there are fifty female lawyers, and women are allowed to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, although a number of the States still shut us out. There are forty female ministers in the Universalist Church alone, while hundreds of licensed female preachers are in the Methodist Church during the best kind of revival work. Thirty years ago woman could only cook, sew and teach. Now not a trade hardly but has women in it. Women are managers of large stores and business, and manage great farms with success. Why, the largest farm in one county in Illinois is owned and managed by a woman. You eastern people ought to go west and see how women are getting along only with a few of their rights.

I PRAY YOU, LOVE

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

"I pray you, love, give me but just one kiss—
One little kiss give me for true love's sake,
For I shall sail across the deep salt sea,
Nor ask you more such sacrifice to make."

But, oh! she tossed her pretty, wayward head—
She thought no man could e'en so reverent be:
Like other maidens, to herself she said,
"Let him but take a kiss, nor ask of me."

He turned and went his way, and evermore
Said in his heart, "Dear love, she gave me scorn."
She gave her kisses where they were unasked,
For kiss, they say, of kiss is ever born.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY IRIS read the following lines when she opened the letter sent by Allan, and to them were added a few words of his own—

"But you, had you chosen, had you stretched hand,
Had you seen good such a thing were done,
I too might have stood with the souls that stand
In the sun's light, clothed with the light of the sun;
But now what of earth need care how I live?
Have the high gods anything to give,
Save dust and laurels and gold and sand?
Which gifts are goodly; but I will none."

She would have heard, he added, that an outbreak had occurred among some of the frontier tribes of India, which it was anticipated would have serious results; he was exchanging therefore into a regiment ordered to India at once.

"And," he added, "Heaven being merciful to the miserable, I hope to die there. Life which parts me from you is a thousand times worse than death. If you see—as I pray you may—my name among the list of killed, say to yourself that Heaven has called home the most wretched of men."

It was the only letter she received from the man she loved, and she kept it amongst her most precious treasures. It reached her on the morning of the day that she was leaving Chandos, and she showed it to her father. The perusal of it moved him.

"You have thrown away a noble heart, Iris," he said. "He is a man who will always, whether you love him or not, stand 'in the light of the sun.'"

She never cared to remember her journey—it was so full of pain to her. As they drew near Fenton Woods, her father grew more sad and melancholy; and she began to remember—what in the midst of her own sorrow she had half forgotten—the fact that he had never liked the thought of going to Fenton. He had been so happy with her mother there that he could not bear the painful memories associated with it.

It was a beautiful place, the house stood on a hill, and the view of the surrounding country was magnificent. At the foot of the hill nestled a little village called Brook. The novelty of seeing the house for the first time, the pleasure of strolling in lovely woodlands, distracted her attention for the first three days. Lord Caledon began to hope that she had found a true remedy for her sorrow, but after the third day her melancholy returned.

The Earl received a cordial welcome after his long absence. The bells of Brook Church pealed merrily, and the villagers came up in a friendly simple old-fashioned way to greet the Earl and his daughter.

Lord Caledon and Lady Iris lived in close retirement. The wind that came from the pine woods was refreshing and invigorating, and the deathly pallor soon left Lady Iris's face. Her eyes grew brighter, and the dainty lovely hues that made her face look like a delicate rose came back, yet she was wonderfully altered.

"She is a great beauty," said the villagers. "Her face is like a flower, and her hair like gold. It's a pity she's so sad, she doesn't laugh and talk as other ladies do. She seems to be thinking of some one who is far away," and they little knew how near the truth they were.

Lady Iris was in the dining-room when her father sent for the butler and began to ask him something about the villagers he had known. Some were married, he was told, and some dead and gone; but those that remained were very glad that he had come back. A sad thing had happened, the butler said.

"Your lordship of course remembers the old nurse Esther Rowson, whom you pensioned off?"

The Earl's face changed at the mention of her name, and he said—

"Yes," he remembered Esther, and he hoped she was getting along well.

"No," replied the butler; "Esther has grown childish, and sits day after day crooning old songs."

Could it be an expression of relief that came over the Earl's face—he who was so good, kind, and generous, who sorrowed with the sorrowful? He turned to the butler and said quietly—

"I am sorry to hear it, Stokes. How do they manage with her?"

"Her grand-daughter lives with her, my lord, and takes good care of her," was the reply.

"She is still in the cottage then?" said the Earl.

"Yes," the man answered; "Esther would not leave it." The butler went on to say that the people had been wondering if she would know her old master.

When father and daughter were alone, Lady Iris remarked, with a smile—

"How nice it is to have old servants living in pretty old cottages! There is something feudal about it."

"Yes, Iris. That old woman Esther Rowson was a most devoted servant, most faithful to us; but I think it would be better for you not to go to see her."

"Why, papa?" she asked in wonder.

"I am sure, if I express a wish, you will obey me without asking for a reason."

"Certainly; but it will seem strange if I go into every other cottage in the place, and not into hers."

"She will not be any the worse for not seeing you; you hear that she is childish."

"Of course I will obey you, papa; you know that," said Lady Iris, but she could not help feeling surprised.

On the morrow the Earl took his daughter through the woods and round the beautiful hill on which the house stood. In the course of their stroll they came to a little church half hidden with trees. Round the stone porch, in quaint letters, ran the words "To pray best is to love best."

To the astonishment of Lady Iris, when the Earl saw them he stood like a man stricken mute, with an expression of pain on his face which seemed to change it completely.

Lady Iris was delighted with the building. She went into the old stone porch, which seemed so cool, and a slanting ray of sunshine lighted up the golden hair and sweet sad face.

When Lord Caledon saw her standing there, he cried out in a voice she never forgot—

"Iris, come away; you look like a ghost standing there! Come away, child!"

He was trembling violently when she joined him.

"Like a ghost, papa?" said Lady Iris laughingly. "Who ever saw a ghost in a fashionable walking costume?"

He was only too thankful to change the subject.

"Is that the latest style, my dear? It is pretty."

"'Pretty' is not the word, papa. It is artistic," she replied. Then she repeated the words round the porch. "'To pray best is to love best,'" she said slowly. Surely I have read those words before; but I do not remember where." She had forgotten the portrait she had found in the secret drawer. "What does it mean, papa? Why were the words placed here?"

"I do not know why they were so placed; it was a custom to put such legends in olden times, I believe. But the meaning of the words seems clear enough to me. It is of no use praying unless one has real charity and real love. Prayers from the lips alone are of no use; they must come from the heart; and he prays best who loves best."

"The words are very beautiful," she said; and then they left the old gray church in its bower of trees.

Gradually Lady Iris grew stronger. It seemed to her that she had done the right thing in coming to Fenton. There were no fetes or balls, no glittering gatherings—only the poor to visit and console.

The Earl smiled sadly as he watched his daughter.

"Poor child!" he said to himself. "She thinks that the struggle of life is ended, and she has found a haven of rest."

He smiled and sighed when he heard her speak as though life were all ended for her, and as though there was nothing for her but to live in these sweet solitudes until she died. To him there was something pathetic in it.

The weeks rolled by, and the woods grew more beautiful in their autumnal tints. It seemed to Lady Iris that they were completely secluded, and that they were never to belong to the outer world again.

"I shall live here until I die, papa," she said to him one morning, when the smart of her pain was keener than ever.

"It would never do," he told himself, "to let the last of the Faynes die in these solitudes." But he must bide his time.

With his whole heart he wished that she had acted differently—that she had married Allan.

"Poor child!" he would say to himself. "She had sacrificed her life to a chimera." Yet he respected the pride of race that had led her to act as she had done. It was the most marked trait in her character, the strongest love in her heart.

As the smart of her pain, which at first was exceedingly keen, died away, and a patient resignation came in its place, her health and strength returned. The pure bracing air, the clear atmosphere, the early hours, and the constant out-of-door exercise made her stronger than she had been for some time, and it was with the utmost satisfaction that the Earl saw his daughter grow more beautiful every day.

It was strange how in her secret fancies she compared herself to the Lady of Shalott. Love of her Sir Lancelot had brought her almost to death's door. How gladly she would have floated down the river to die where his eyes should rest on her face! The words were always ringing in her ear, "'The curse has come upon me!' cried the Lady of Shalott." Was it indeed a curse—this great sweet love which had sent her, with wounded heart and blighted life, into solitude? And then she owned to herself that the love had been so sweet that she would not be without it, even though it killed her. And yet her love was not so great as her pride.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADY IRIS had strictly carried out her father's wish, and had never been to see Esther Rowson. She went to the other cottages, where the sight of her beautiful face was as welcome as May flowers, and to the inmates of which she took many good things to help and comfort them. She was soon beloved by all the villagers. The children would cling round her, the mothers brighten at a kind word from her, and the men take off their hats and call down a blessing upon her; while the sick and sorrowful grew stronger and brighter as she went amongst them.

She sent many a well filled basket to Esther Rowson, and the Earl called at times to see his old servant.

Esther's cottage stood in a pretty little valley, and a clear brook ran past it. One morning Lady Iris, who had gone out early and alone to see some of her favorite proteges, stopped to look at the cottage. Suddenly the sky became overcast, and a loud peal of thunder rolled over the valley. There was every sign that the storm would be a severe one, and, as there was no other house near, the girl said to herself that there could be no possible reason why she should not take refuge in Esther's cottage. Before she should seek shelter elsewhere, the storm would have burst, and she would have been drenched with the rain. Her father had certainly expressed a wish that she should not go there; but then he had given no reason for it. Perhaps he had thought that cottage was not healthy, or that a childish old woman might frighten her; but, if he knew that he was in danger of being caught in a storm, surely he would not mind her entering the cottage. She explained the circumstance when she reached home.

The darkness increased. Another peal of thunder rolled over the woods and across the valley, and great raindrops began to fall. There was no time to hesitate. Lady Iris opened the gate, crossed the little garden, and rapped at the door. It was opened by a clean pretty girl, who looked very much embarrassed when she found who her visiter was.

"May I shelter from the rain?" said Lady Iris.

"If you please, my lady," replied the girl.

Lady Iris followed her into the kitchen, the windows of which were filled with plants and commanded a view of the whole of the valley, with the gray church in the distance. The floor was of bright red bricks, the stove shone like polished jet, a spotlessly white deal table stood in the middle of the room. There was a neat dresser, on which glass and china shone, and near the fire was an easy chair.

"Will you please take a seat, my lady?" asked the girl; and she drew the easy-chair forward.

Lady Iris smiled.

"No; that is nurse Esther's chair," she said. "I will take this"—seating herself on a wooden chair. "What is your name?"

"Anne Reynolds, my lady," was the reply.

"And how is Esther?" asked Lady Iris.

But before the girl had time to answer the door opened and the old nurse entered. At first she did not see Lady Iris. She was crooning the words of some old song, and stopped to asked for some tea.

"Granny," cried the girl, "do you not see that we have a visitor? Do you see who has come?"

Esther was a bright-eyed old lady, with a face all brown and red, like an apple. She looked extremely neat in her white cap. She walked up to Lady Iris, and, when she saw her face, she cried out—

"It is Isabel Hyne come back again!"

Lady Iris, who was kindness itself to her inferiors, took the trembling hands in hers.

"No," she said gently, "I am Lady Iris Fayne."

The old nurse shook her head.

"You should not tell stories," she said. "You are Isabel Hyde. How you are dressed, my dear! Ah, well-a day, I told you how it would be. I know my lord meant well!"

The young girl came forward with curtsey.

"Will you please excuse granny, my lady? She does not know of what she is speaking; and she talks so much about Isabel Hyde."

"Poor Esther!" murmured Lady Iris. "Her mind has gone back to the days of her early life, and she knows nothing of the present time. Who is Isabel Hyde?"

"I do not know, my lady. I have never heard of any one who has that name. We all think it is some one granny knew when she was young."

"Most likely," said Lady Iris.

Presently the old nurse cried out again—

"Isabel Hyde has come back! Run out, Anne, and tell all the neighbors that Isabel Hyde has come back. She did not die! I told him she was not dead when he knelt upon the floor and called upon Heaven to strike him dead. It was wicked of him, and I made bold to tell him so. I said to him, 'Oh, beware, my lord, that you are not taken at your word!'"

"Does she often talk in this way?" asked Lady Iris of Anne.

"Yes—sometimes all day long, my lady. She mixes up every thing; but no one ever listens to her or takes any notice of her."

"It would not matter if they did," said Lady Iris. "I do not think any one could understand her."

"You look taller and prouder, Isabel Hyde," the old nurse went on. "But I am forgetting; I must not call you 'Isabel Hyde.' Shall I call you 'my lady?'"

"Yes," said Lady Iris.

"'My lady!' How strange it seems!" continued Esther. "They say that I am old and childish, and that I do not remember. But when you were dead, I laid you out!"

"Does she frighten you, my lady?" interposed the girl. "If she does, I will take her away."

"No. Poor old nurse! Why should she frighten me?" said Lady Iris kindly.

"I laid you out, my dear; and now you have come to see me—as pretty as ever, and so proud, my dear—so very proud!"

"I am not proud, Esther," said Lady Iris; and then her face burned with a hot flush, for she remembered she had sacrificed her only love for her pride.

The old nurse looked with some alarm into her face.

"You are red now," she said—"red as a red, red rose, but then you were as white as the snow, and your eyes—now they are bright and proud—I am sure they were proud, Isabel—but then they were closed, with the white lids over them. Who woke you up again, my dear? He told me you would never come back. Tell all the neighbors Anne, that she has come back!"

And then, tired of her subject, Esther sat down in the easy-chair; while Anne busied herself in getting some tea for her. Meantime the rain was falling in torrents, the lightning flashed through the window-panes, and heavy peals of thunder rolled over the valley.

Lady Iris was standing by the window watching the rain beating down, when she was startled by a hand being laid on her dress.

"I said you were proud. Why, look at your dress! I put a white one on you, with stiff folds. Where did you get this?"

She did not wait for an answer, but passed her hand over Lady Iris's dress, and then peered curiously into her face.

"I brushed your hair back and folded your hands. He filled them with flowers. I remember then that he turned to me and said, 'They won't die Esther; and when she wakes she will know that I placed them there.' You haven't them!"

"No, I have not," replied Lady Iris, only anxious to please her, yet beginning to feel rather nervous. Presently, by dint of great persuasion, she induced the old nurse to sing her some songs, and so to forget Isabel Hyde.

The sky cleared at last, and Lady Iris was able to start for home. When she rose to go she placed some silver in the old woman's hand.

"No, I do not want it," said Esther. "You keep it, Isabel Hyde. You cannot tell, my dear, whether you may want it or not. He seems all right, and everything seems safe; but no one can tell what will happen. Ah, but I was forgetting! Where is the baby, Isabel Hyde?"

"Never mind the baby, granny," said the girl soothingly; and then, turning to Lady Iris, she added, "There is nothing she keeps on about so long as 'the baby.'"

"Where is it?" continued the nurse. "Did you come back for it? You said you would. Is it safe—the little fair head—is it quite safe?"

"Yes, it is safe," replied Lady Iris. "Good-bye, Esther. I shall come again soon."

"Good-bye, pretty Isabel Hyde!" said the old nurse.

During the walk home Lady Iris thought a good deal about Esther Rowson—so much so that at dinner time she looked up suddenly at her father and said—

"Papa, did you ever hear of any one named Isabel Hyde?"

She smiled as she asked the question, remembering all that old Esther had said; but the smile died quickly when she saw her father's face. It expressed such horror and amazement, it was deathly pale.

He dropped his knife and fork and uttered a low terrible cry. She sprang from her seat and ran to him.

"Oh, papa, what is it?"

It was a few minutes before the Earl recovered himself, and then he moaned—

"A spasm—a pain right through my heart, Iris."

The butler hastened to give him some brandy, and his daughter, lavished loving attentions on him. The color slowly returned to his face, but he breathed with difficulty. Lady Iris was alarmed.

"I have never seen you like this, papa," she said.

"I shall be better in a few minutes. Open the window, Stokes, and let me rest a while."

He eagerly drank the brandy that the butler brought for him, but his hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the glass. They left him for a few minutes by the open window, his head lying back on the chair and his eyes closed. When he returned to the dinner-table, he tried hard to converse as usual, apologizing for having startled his daughter; but she saw that he could eat nothing—plate after plate was carried away untouched. Yet in her own mind she never connected her father's sudden illness with the question she had asked.

She talked to him about his health, and declared that he must see a doctor, a spasm in the region of the heart was, she considered, a dangerous thing, and he must have advice about it. Then she thought of nurse Esther and Isabel Hyne.

"Papa," said Lady Iris, "just as you were taken ill, I was asking you if you had ever known any one called Isabel Hyne."

Again the deadly pallor might have told her that there was something wrong, but she did not think of it. He was ill, and it was natural that he should change color.

"Yes, I know the name," he said slowly.

"Tell me about her, papa. Did she die? Is there some romance connected with her? Did some great lord love her?"

Great drops stood upon his forehead as he turned to look at her.

"Why, what makes you ask all this, Iris? What have you heard? What do you mean?"

Then she told him of her adventure in the morning, and his face grew whiter as he listened. In a thick hoarse voice he said—

"But I told you Iris, not to go and see Esther Rowson."

"I had no choice; I should have been drenched in that deluge of rain if I had not entered her cottage. I knew you would not mind in the circumstances. I was half frightened though while I was there."

"What did she say to you?" asked the Earl; and the question seemed to be put unwillingly.

"It was a singular reception," answered the girl; "yet there was something very pathetic about it. I should say this Isabel Hyde was some friend the poor childish old woman had in her youth. The moment she saw me she cried out, 'Isabel Hyne come back again! Anne, run out and tell all the neighbors that Isabel Hyne has come back!'"

A little cry escaped from the Earl, which she thought was of wonder at her story.

"The strangest thing of all, papa, was that she had some horrible idea that she had 'laid me out,' as she called it. She touched my dress and stroked it, saying when she left me in was white and full of stiff folds. She asked me who woke me—and that question really startled me, she seemed to think that I had been dead, and that some one had brought me to life again."

The Earl tried to smile, but his lips were rigid and cold. Lady Iris went on—

"It caused me to feel quite uncomfortable papa. She said that she had brushed back my hair and folded my hands. There was one thing which touched me. Still thinking that I was Isabel Hyde, she told me about some lover who had filled the hands of the dead girl with flowers; and Esther said that he cried out that when she woke the girl would know who had placed them there."

"What strange fancies!" said the Earl, in a husky voice.

"I cannot remember all," continued Lady Iris; "but there was something about a little baby with fair hair. She wished to know what I had done with it. The grand-daughter, a nice clean tidy girl, told me that when once she began to speak of the baby there was no stopping her. She must have had some great trouble in her life, poor old Esther! But, papa, you did not tell me who she was—this Isabel Hyde."

"I cannot tell you. There was some one of that name who lived once at Fenton Woods, but I can say nothing of her."

"You didn't know her then, papa? Esther has so aroused my curiosity about her that I must make some inquiries. 'Isabel Hyde!' It is a very pretty name; and, if she has lived here at all, some one must remember something about her."

Lady Iris was startled by the voice in which her father cried out—

"You must not make inquiries, Iris!"

"Must not!" she repeated, surprised at his sharp tones.

"No, you must not; remember, I have forbidden it," he went on excitedly. "I did not want you to come to Fenton Woods." Many times she had asked him to do so, and he had always returned an evasive answer, until he saw that she was ill, and knew that it would be good for her to have change of air.

She believed that the reason was in some way connected with herself. Moreover, he would not let her visit Esther; and that too, she believed, had to do with herself.

And now he had told her that she must not make any inquiries about Isabel Hyde—when proved to her that in some mysterious fashion there was a link between herself and Isabel Hyde.

What could it be? She thought long and anxiously; but she could not come to any satisfactory conclusion. There had been no secrets in the Fayne family—none that a person like old Esther would be likely to know.

Lady Iris was not curious in the ordinary sense of the word; but this was something, she felt, that touched the honor of her family. She would not disobey her father; she would make no inquiries, but if by any accident she should hear the name of Isabel Hyde or anything of her story, she would pay particular attention to every detail.

* * * * * *

The Earl sat musing in his study alone. He had had a terrible shock and was still greatly agitated.

"Great Heaven," he cried, "to think that she should look up laughing into my face, and ask me who was Isabel Hyde!"

Before him on the table he had the portrait of a lady with a sweet sad face and fair hair; the eyes seemed to look reproachfully at him. He bent over the portrait.

"I do not know," he cried, "whether I have done right or wrong. If Iris had known the truth, she would never have sent Captain Osburn away. It may be that I have done wrong altogether; but it was for her sake, Isabel—believe me, for her sake alone."

And then he began to think deeply. He had been unwilling to bring his daughter to Fenton Woods that lonely Northern home of his where the one love of his life had begun. He had taken every precaution to guard his secret; but Heaven had evidently interposed to bring it to light. The storm had burst when his daughter was near Esther Rowson's cottage, and she had to seek refuge in the only house where it was possible she could hear the name of Isabel Hyde.

He asked himself whether it would not be better to tell her the truth. He knew that when a woman's curiosity was once aroused it was seldom left ungratified. His daughter was the very soul of honor, but who could tell whether a chance word might not betray to her all that he had concealed? He began to think that it was Heaven's will that he should tell her. It had been the one object of his life to keep this secret; he had sacrificed much for that object; and, if he told the truth now, all his sacrifices would have been in vain.

He was a religious man; and he said to himself that, if it were the will of Heaven that she should know the secret that he had kept from her, he would disclose it to her himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE OF THE BIRDS.—It happens when two humming birds frequently meet they signal the encounter with a shrill war-cry, and dash at each other in fierce antagonism. For an instant they close together, then give each other chase, and with the speed of meteors are lost to view. Shortly after the return of one alone announces that the victory has been quick and decisive. Diminutive as are these puny sprites, they are heavily charged with combativeness. The entire race are pugnacious and quarrelsome to an extraordinary degree, impudently assaulting each other and birds of much greater size which venture into their neighborhood or occasion them a fancied annoyance. Even the hawk is not safe from their attacks, and has been seen worried and whipped by them. One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye.

MAKE HIM ANSWER.—A large, a very large part of some women's work consists in picking up and setting to rights after the masculine part of the household; and it is often most unnecessary. Why should not Mr. B. hang up the clothing he has laid aside, or consign his soiled handkerchiefs and collars to the clothes basket, just as much as Mrs. B. who has quite enough to occupy her hands and feet, without any superfluous tasks? Why should the head of the household have the sole privilege of displacing the hearth-rug and leaving it so? Or why should father or brother with sublime indifference drop the read newspaper on the floor, for some feminine hand to put in its proper place? Why? M. S.

If the comet and the earth would come in collision it is the general opinion that the comet would be the only sufferer.

AFFIDAVIT.

A Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy of 25 Years Standing.

A Prominent Business Man and Citizen of Philadelphia.

The Wonderful Washing Qualities of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

A Remarkable Aid to the Physician.

STATEMENTS

That It will Not do Everything Claimed

When the Directions are Followed

Branded as Malicious Falsehoods.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared FRANK H. SIDDALL, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C Baker & Co., attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March 1856, and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of the Frank Siddalls Soap a period of 25 years, was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug business, the greater part of that time on my own account

I hereby make solemn affidavit that The Frank Siddalls Soap is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores or ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles &c., &c., sores and scratches on horses, mange and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be spoiled by carelessness or ignorant manipulation and that my success in the production of such superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, nor is it, nor is it claimed to be, a medicinal preparation, or having any special medical properties, the only question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician from its remarkable cleansing purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly removes all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing function

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that it will not do everything claimed when directions are followed, that it actually makes cleansing clean sweet and white without rubbing or scalding or hard rubbing and is equally good for cotton laces, blankets, flannels, linens and the washing, as well as the more solid garments of farmers, mechanics and laborers, removing the grime, dust and dirt from the hands of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk cans and the hands of those who attend to dairying and skimming, making soap boiling and rendering unnecessary a quantity of grease and tallow usually put in that it can be made to go much further than other soap for washing and as a shave soap when used on the face it is the finest soap that ever touched a face.

I further declare that I am used by myself and family, to the exclusion of other soap for toilet, shaving, bathing and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge from my own personal and house experience that even its long continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it. FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A D 1881

EZRA LUKENS,
Magistrate of Court No. 12.

We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:

In the First Place, the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth or falsity of the claims made for it, **it would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.**

In the Next Place, we wish our readers to bear in mind that **we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.**

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next **washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.**

Answers alike for the finest laces and baby garments or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to *heat* the wash-water.

[A wash-kettle of iron, boiler which stands heated for several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the minerals in spite of the most careful housekeeping, and this injures some of the very delicate and expensive ingredients that are contained in The Frank Siddalls Soap.]

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

The following is the neat, genteel, elegant FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of washing clothes:

First: *Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; clean off from the washboard, and wet it entirely* wherever you see any dirt or stained places. *Then rub up the cake* in a cloth rag just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub of the water out of the way* —now go on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—**and let the Soap do its work.**

Next: *After standing the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.*

Turn each piece inside out while washing it so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more soap and dont wash much more, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

Next *Next comes the rinsing.*

Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse-water on the wash-board without using any soap *until all the dirty suds are out.*

Every tidy housekeeper will [illegible]

Next *Next comes the blue-water.* [Use scarcely any blueing.]

Stir a piece of Soap in the blue-water until the water is full of suds, soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water *and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.*

The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

Just put them through as they are it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way.

Dont try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash.

The Soap washes freely in hard water. **Dont use Soda or Borax.**

The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. *See that you get what you ask for.*

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.

[It will [illegible] postage—[illegible] in postage stamps will be [illegible] sent to you for ten cents.]

If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost.

[Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used [illegible] but it is only when it is to be used for a family wash that it will be sent for ten cents,—*and the name* [illegible] *to cover*]

DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE, and *dont even send for that* [illegible] **not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.** **that this Paper would**

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, *entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.*

[It is [illegible] Frank Siddalls Soap made and it is for every use that [illegible]

It [illegible] with knowing Doctors, Boards [illegible] in any trouble from [illegible] tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.

[If [illegible] the Soap between the nail and [illegible]]

By washing [illegible] Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on [illegible] any ointment or any other soap or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure **old stubborn ulcers, ringworm,** and *itching and scaly humors* [illegible] sometimes are found on the heads of children.

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country.

REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effect of The Frank Siddalls Soap:

CLINTON, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., March 18, 1881.

Mr. [illegible] of Frank Siddalls [illegible] and as stated, but [illegible] er, for it has proved a godsend to me.

For a long while I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands, and for over a year have had to wear gloves all the time; but the Soap has already so nearly cured me that I am able to work all alone, and can truly say it has been a godsend to me.

MRS. PHILIP TIMM,
Daughter of Thomas Collins.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA., March 9, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL, *Dear Sir:*—My wife has been afflicted from [illegible] about two [illegible] with effect [illegible] taken all the [illegible] ever could. [illegible] and every other purpose

Our Young Folks.

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

BUT I didn't mean to do it!" said Phil; "I didn't, indeed."

Jessie looked very sorrowful, and finally began to cry.

Then Phil was frightened, and began to cry also so loudly that the sound reached Mrs. Leslie, who was sitting by the library window. She started up, and throwing down her book, hastened to see what had happened.

Mrs. Leslie found the children in a pleasant part of the garden, beside an old ivy-covered summer-house, which had long been a safe retreat, wherein the birds year after year had built their nests.

"Phil, Phil how could you do it?" sobbed Jessie, stooping down and taking up from the ground a half-fledged bird whose leg was broken.

"What is the matter, Jessie?" asked Mrs. Leslie as she came nearer.

"Phil is the naughtiest most cruel boy that ever lived!" sobbed Jessie. "The dear little robins that I was so caring are all killed, excepting this one, and the nest is destroyed, and the old birds are lamenting."

"Phil," said Mrs. Leslie again, "what have you been doing?"

"I didn't mean to do it," answered Phil, setting up a loud cry, partly of fright, partly of sorrow, for he had come to a sense of the damage that he had done. There was the nest scattered on the ground, and the poor parent birds hovering disconsolately around; and he began to have a twinge of remorse for the misery he had occasioned.

"Phil," said Mrs. Leslie, very gravely, "what have you been doing?"

Phil made no reply, and again Jessie spoke.

"He was throwing stones."

"And one by accident," sobbed Phil, "hit the nest. I didn't mean to do it."

"And it came tumbling down with a crash and two of the little ones were killed," added Jessie.

Mrs. Leslie said very sad.

"See all the trouble you have brought about, Phil, she said; 'and saying that you did not mean to do it is no excuse and will not mend it. The innocent life that God gave to these little creatures is destroyed by your hand, the patient work of the parent birds is also destroyed and you have caused them distress and misery through the death of their young ones. Suppose some strong men broke into our own house and broke the windows, and smashed the furniture, and killed you and Jessie, and left little George with his leg broken, would it be any comfort to your father and myself for them to say they were very sorry, but they didn't mean to do it?"

Phil hung his head.

For some days after the occurrence Phil was very quiet and seemed to be taking pains to console Jessie. His companionship remunerated him whatever he saw Jessie feeding the little lame bird, whilst George stood by her side highly interested in the proceedings.

But Jessie's efforts to save the little bird were unavailing. She did all that she could for it, and nursed it very tenderly, but she did not know how to take care of it as its parents did, and after struggling for a while the little robin died.

Phil was nowhere to be seen when Jessie put the little bird into a small box, nor when she and little George buried it close to the ivy covered summer-house, where it might have lived out its life so happily, but for Phil's thoughtlessness and recklessness.

At dinner time, however, Jessie noticed that Phil's eyes were very red and that he did not eat much. Mrs. Leslie noticed it also, and inquired that some impression had been made on Phil and that he would act with more thought and care in the future.

"Now, Jessie, there's Johnson's gun," said Phil, as the two were playing together under the tall elms near the park. "I wonder what he's going to do?" And Phil drew nearer to the spot where Johnson, the gamekeeper, had set down his gun.

He was, he saw, occupied, and Phil, after a pause, in which he had come close to the gun, and was about to take hold of it.

"Oh, Phil, Phil, come away," cried Jessie. "You know mother said you were never to touch a gun."

"Nonsense," said Phil, "touching is not firing, so what harm can I do? and this is not loaded. Johnson would not leave it here if it had been."

"I don't know," said Jessie in great terror, for Phil had lifted the gun from the ground. "Guns go off sometimes whether they are loaded or not."

Phil burst into a loud laugh.

"That is just what a girl would say," he said.

"Now, dear Phil, do come away. Do put it down. See, there is Johnson coming."

—Yes, there was Johnson running toward them as fast as he could, shouting—

"Put it down, Master Phil, put it down!"

"Not till I've got through the manœuvres," said Phil in an undertone. "Now — make ready — present — fire — bang!"

And as he spoke there was a flash, a smoke, a loud report for without intending it his sleeve had caught the trigger, and in pulling it rather roughly away the gun went off and in its rebound caused him to fall to the ground.

Simultaneous with the report of the gun was a piercing shriek, and then all was still. And in another moment Johnson was beside the prostrate children, wringing his hands in dismay, and bitterly bewailing that he had disobeyed his master's orders in leaving a loaded gun about; for the gun was loaded, and part of its charge had gone into Jessie's arm.

"You have shot your sister, sir," said the gamekeeper to the terrified boy. "Run, shout, get help! Quick, go home! tell some one to come."

But Phil was powerless to do anything.

Then the gamekeeper stooped down and lifted up the wounded child carefully, carrying her home as gently as he could. She had fainted, and neither he nor Phil felt sure whether she were dead or alive.

What a sight for the mother! Fortunately Mr Leslie was at home, and attended to everything. The doctor was sent for, and there was a heavy silence through the house; no one seemed to breath, for no one knew whether Jessie was wounded unto death or not.

Phil fled in agony to his room and locked the door. He listened and listened. All was still; perhaps every one had gone to bed, perhaps Jessie was worse. And again the sickening faintness came over him. If it could only be a dream! But it was no dream; he had shot his sister.

"Oh! I didn't——" but there Paul stopped. Never again would he repeat the senseless words, "I didn't mean to do it."

Again he listened, for he thought he heard footsteps coming along the passage. Presently there was a gentle tap at the door, and his mother's voice said, "Phil."

Phil flung open the door, and in another moment the miserable boy was clinging convulsively to his mother, unable to speak for the choking in his throat, and holding her very tightly, lest she should slip away from him. At last he said, with a great effort, "Jessie?"

"The shot are extracted and the injured bone is bandaged up, and she has gone to sleep."

Phil's heart gave a great leap. Then she was not worse.

"Oh, mother!" he sobbed.

"Phil," said Mrs Leslie solemnly, "we have much to be thankful for even in the midst of the misery that you have brought upon us. If you had killed your sister, as you might have done, what would have been our life long remorse? As it is, the poor child has suffered terribly and it will be weeks before she can use her wounded arm again."

"And I have done it. Jessie will never love me again. Oh! if she only would, mother; could Phil. You don't know how I love——"

And he looked so miserable that his mother led him to the room where Jessie lay, looking as white as the pillow, and she was so fast asleep that Phil did not feel sure that she was not in spite of what his mother said. Her bandaged arm, stiff with the splints, lay outside the coverlet.

He gazed earnestly on his sister, and then allowed his mother to take him back to his own room.

"I might have killed her," was the thought uppermost in his mind as he went to sleep that night. And he didn't remember anything for many days, for he had a serious fever.

And all this trouble came from thoughtlessness and a reckless disregard of consequences. Phil had indeed found that—

"Evil is wrought from want of thought,
As well as from want of heart."

For Phil had not a bad heart. It was really a kind, loving one, as his sorrowing and penitence after the accident showed; and Jessie's forgiveness took a beneficial effect upon him.

He became more thoughtful, more considerate, and Mrs Leslie began to hope that he would really attend. As long as Jessie's arm was bandaged and she was there was no fear of Phil's touching the gun he had carried, nor even would it occur to him to do so, and the doctor said it would be a long time before Jessie could use her arm.

But Mrs Leslie looked forward to the time when Jessie's arm should have recovered to further engage in wondering whether Phil's reputation for thoughtlessness and carelessness would be banished and forgotten.

"Mother," said Phil, as he carried the arm-chair back to her room, "I think and hope that you need not be afraid now. I can believe, mother, that I shall never have to say again 'I didn't mean to do it.'"

ABOUT ANIMALS.

WHEN a sheep has two lambs at a time, it is said, she will not permit one to suck without the other is present. But for this instinctive arrangement, one of her offspring would have an undue proportion of nourishment, and the other would either starve or degenerate.

It is well known that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third is laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never we believe been known to come to maturity. If three young pigeons were to feed, none of them would probably be vigorous, and the race would degenerate. This is another instance of the interest which Nature takes in the well-being of her creatures.

The cow affords a similar instance: if she has twins one of them a male, and the other a female, the latter is always barren.

If a doe produces a white fawn with red eyes, its under jaw is always defective, and it dies of starvation; a wise provision of nature, in preventing what would probably be feeble from arriving to maturity.

Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it, and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

Birds also will cluster all together for the purpose of keeping each other warm. Swallows cluster like bees when they have swarmed in cold autumnal weather hanging one upon another with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. There are also instances of wrens being found building together in some snug retreat for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort.

Ducks which lay early in the year strip more of their feathers off and make their nests much warmer than those which lay later in the season. This instinctive property is very curious, and shows the foresight which has been planted in animals.

It is well known that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate they are in the constant habit of biting each other and sometimes of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder.

A fine greyhound, which had been incessantly teased by a small spaniel took it up in his mouth and dropped it over the parapet of a terrace into a river which flowed below it. The animal was unwilling to hurt his tormentor, and therefore took this opportunity of freeing himself from its annoyance.

A horse and a cat were friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats he always took up the cat gently by the skin of her neck and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in the way while he was feeding. At all other times he seemed pleased to have her near him.

That cats hybernate during the cold month there can be little doubt, few or none being caught at that time. A boy on an Irish river perceived something of a very unusual appearance floundering upon the sand at low water. Upon a nearer approach he found it to be a quart bottle which showed many symptoms of animation. He seized it and brought it in. It was found to contain an eel so much thicker than the neck of the bottle, that it must be supposed the eel made its lodging there when it was younger and of course smaller. It was necessary to break the bottle for the purpose of liberating the fish.

Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. Cats, have been known, however, to evince great affection during the absence of an owner, and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a favorite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

Cats have been known to do their best to protect the property of their masters as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery said after his conviction that he and two others broke in to the house of a gentlemen. While they were in the act of pounding it a large black cat flew at one of the men's, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life.

A family residing near London went one summer to a watering place, leaving their house in care of two female servants. One evening when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often that the servants were induced to go upstairs and see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbors, but in the mean time the man made his escape out of the window and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

There is no greater work on earth than that of rearing every man, of changing it into a man by holding it back from wrong doing and pushing it forward to positive excellence.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

A GOOD deal has been written from time to time on the subject of printers' blunders. Few more entertaining topics could be discussed, and fresh material may be gathered almost any day from the newspapers, and even less ephemeral publications.

The omission or addition of a single letter, or the substitution of a wrong one, sometimes produces the most comical results. A gardening writer is made to speak of certain of the works of Nature as 'silent preachers of immorality [immortality].' It is rather imposing on the credulity of the public to expect that a workman moving away at the time of the explosion was knocked down and one of his comrades [mates] was carried at least thirty yards away; and it seems an ungenerous reflection upon the bravery of the Peruvians to say that they 'expected to accomplish great things with their feet' [fleet]. Still more unkind was it to describe the table decoration at a recent fashionable wedding as being composed of pothouse instead of 'hothouse' flowers. An evening paper congratulated a gardener not long ago on having, at a local horticultural show, produced the best six juicy pears fit for the stable' [table]. The violent [for violet] bouquet which, according to another contemporary, was presented to a lady at a public demonstration, should have been at the same exhibition. What sort of a biblical education had the compositor received who was responsible for the following? 'If they are true men, they would refuse to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.' And what is to be thought of the profane individual who, in setting up the verdict 'died by the visitation of God,' altered the fourth word to hesitation?

In a poem by a young lady, the line, 'Oh, for a heart full of sweet yearning!' occurred in the manuscript. But in print the last words appeared as yearling; and the poetess very naturally wrote to the editor that the compositor who set up her effusion was a calf.

A western paper reporting the annual meeting of a certain Hospital, announced the other day that the children buried alive in the Hospital during the year numbered two hundred and twenty-three, and at their own homes nine hundred and seventeen. It is necessary to explain that the word 'buried' should read 'born.' Serious consequences might have resulted from the statement which appeared in an obituary article, to the effect that a certain eminent statesman was 'very fond of his opium,' had it not been satisfactorily explained that the editor wrote 'opinion.' What a sensation must have been caused in aristocratic circles by the announcement in a London journal of the Duchess of Hamilton's bankruptcy, when it was only her birthday that was referred to! It was probably from a due sense of the fitness of things that a compositor, anxious that she should follow the example, perhaps one of her own heroines, married a violet to a prisoner, whereas it was only a Prussian to whom she had been wedded.

Carelessness writing, with imperfectly formed letters, and a general appearance of dash and haste is as frequently the cause of such blunders as the stupidity of the printer. It may have been due to some such cause that a person who advertised for a gardener, adding the information that there was 'no grass'—that is, no greengrocer—had the worry of seeing this answer as 'one grass,' naturally attended with inquiries from interested applicants wishing to know if it was in the forenoon, sent an advertisement to that effect to the local newspaper; but the notice when it appeared most unfortunately by representing her as advertising for a horseman.

Transposition of letters and words is also a frequent cause of blunders, which in such cases are mainly due to the compositor. During a dense fog in a country town three or four carriages in one day fell in one week. About the same time there occurred a marriage of some distinction in the district, notice of both events duly appeared in the local paper. But the friends of the married pair were requested to read after the announcement of the names of the officiating clergymen, and 'in spite of the rainy fog and beginning many interesting the event' was the heartening announcement that they were solemnized yesterday in the cemetery.' It turned out on examination how required, that in the writing the 'hast' had not been dotted in the name of the bride. Some mistakes were mentioned, but the compositor in a moment of stupidity or forgetfulness had placed them instead after the notice of the fashionable wedding.

A paragraph in going the round of the press stating with great gravity that both Lord Brougham and Talleyrand have 'advertising houses' in London. These will be regarded, at least, respectively as appearing young and old, while those who patronize the latter house must assuredly be in pursuit of certain remarks in connection with the hair, eyes, teeth, and other personal attractions, all of which will be strongly used to advertise the wares of a dealer in cosmetics.

THE HAWTHORN SPRAY.

BY A. Y. R.

I see her where the budding May
Throws shadows on the grassy way
  And flecks her robe of white;
Unseen I watch her as she stands,
With fragrant hawthorn in her hands,
  A vision of delight!

She stays, but will not tarry long
To hear the thrush's vernal song,
  In blossom boughs above;
And in my sheltered garden seat
I, too, can hear the carol sweet
  Of songster's happy love.

From out the leaves that shade her face
I watch her in her girlish grace,
  The daughter of my friend,
On whose sweet life, for whose sweet sake,
Love hath seen precious things at stake,
  In whom such heart-ties blend.

My May-day maiden! thought runs back
O'er that long-trodden, sunlit track,
  My own vanished youth,
When I, like her, was young and fair,
Like her, untouched by worldly care,
  Unscarred by broken truth.

Like her, with sunshine on my way,
With scented blossoms of life's May
  Plucked ready for my hand;
Like her, embarked on hope's full tide
For joy's glad port, and by my side
  True love at my command.

But shadows dimmed my summer day,
The blossoms of my early May
  Lie buried in a grave.
Hope's tide ebbed out afar from port,
And left my little bark the sport
  Of fortune's wind and wave.

Ah, well! the thrush's song is done,
And she steps forward in the sun,
  She comes toward my bower,
To glad my weary, tear-dimmed eyes,
To lay before me, as a prize,
  Her sprays of hawthorn flower.

Dear heart, she brings me more than May:
The sunlight of a year-off day
  Shines on me from her face.
Her heart renews from mine the truth,
The hope and springtide of its youth
  In all their early grace.

She looks at me with eyes of love,
Like those the turf has lain above
  For many a weary day;
God bless her! for she brings again
Across a lifetime's silent pain,
  My unforgotten May.

DEMON BUILDERS.

NOTHING is more striking to the student of popular traditions and folk-lore than the frequency with which the same legend occurs again and again in different districts, with only slight changes in detail answering to each. One of this class of legends is that which refers to cases of mysterious and supernatural opposition made to the building of certain edifices on the spots originally designed for them. The root of these legends is probably to be found in the skilfully devised means that may have been occasionally taken by monks and other churchmen to effect a change that was to them desirable in fixing the site of a building. This is strengthened by the circumstance that most of these legends have reference to ecclesiastical edifices. But whatever their origin may be, some still adhere to the traditions which ascribe the mysterious changes to supernatural agency.

Thus, the legend runs that a fine Norman church of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, was to have been built in the valley; but the builders every morning found the previous day's work had been destroyed during the night, and the stones carried to the top of the hill. Considering this as a divine indication where the holy structure was to be built, they accordingly reared it on that prominent site, where, for miles round, it still forms a graceful and beautiful object. A similar legend is related with reference to a church in Guernsey, where it is currently reported that fairies were the agents; while others assert it was the work of angels. A church in Leicestershire stands on a high hill, with the village at its foot. Tradition, however, says that when the site of the church was first fixed upon, a central spot in the village was chosen. The foundations were not only dug, but the builders commenced the fabric. It was to no purpose; for all they built in the course of the day was carried away by doves during the night time, and skilfully built exactly in the same manner on the hill where the church stands. Both founder and workmen, awed and terrified by this extraordinary procedure, were afraid to build the church on its original site, and agreed to fashion the one begun by the doves!

Again, another English church stands on the top of a steep hill, whence there is an extensive view over the vale to the Malvern Hills. Local tradition asserts that it was first commenced on a site at the foot of the hill, but that the materials employed by day were conveyed each night by the Evil One to the top of the hill; until at length, when repeated efforts to adhere to the original spot were found to be ineffectual, it was resolved to leave off building the church below, and to erect it at the top of the hill.

In Lancaster, a county famous for its superstitions, the feats of the 'Goblin Builders' form a portion of the popular literature of almost every locality. The foundations of Rochdale Church are supposed to have been removed by them from from the banks of the river Roch, up to their present elevated position. A "demon pig" determined the site of St. Oswald's church. The foundation of the church, it seems, was laid where the founder had directed, and the close of the first day's work marked some progress in the building. But the approach of night brought with it an event which not a little disquieted the inhabitants around the spot. A pig was heard to scream aloud as it ran hastily to the site of the new church, where, taking up a stone in its mouth, it carried it to the spot sanctified by the death of St. Oswald. In this manner the pig employed itself through the whole night until it had succeeded in removing all the stones which the builders had laid. In support of this tradition, there is the figure of a pig sculptured on the tower of the church just above the western entrance. There are other churches that have similar legends attached to them. However much the masons might have built in the daytime, it was all undone before next morning, the scaffolding and stones being invariably found where the church now stands. In this case, too, the goblins took the form of pigs.

The village of Stowe is said to derive its adjunct of "Nine Churches" from one of these weird occurrences. In days of yore, say the villagers, a lord of the manor was desirous of raising a church in his native place, at that time known by the simple appellation of Stowe. Nine times he attempted it, but each night a mischievous spirit continued to remove what the workmen had raised during the day. At last, after great difficulty, a man was induced to watch these midnight proceedings; when, to his astonishment, he discovered that the opponents of the church were the tiny legions of Queen Mab. A more matter of fact origin for the appellation "Nine Churches" is that it was so called because there were nine livings appendant to the estate.

Among the many curious legends associated with church building, may be mentioned one relating to a church at Kidderminster. This church it is said, was formerly built on the western side of the river, but that its walls were thrown down by the Evil One—a spot which was consequently called "the Carat Field," now corrupted into Caunfield. It was then built on the eastern side of the river, where it remains to this day.

The Chapel of Our Lady, in Norfolk, was, it is alleged, built after the exact model of the house at Loretto, the Sacred Cottage, which, according to the legend, had been miraculously transported by angels from Nazareth till it found its last resting place at Loretto. An ancient account tells us that the foundations of this chapel were originally laid where what are called "the Wishing Wells" are now seen, but that they were continually disarranged in a most unaccountable way, till the founders at last recognized this circumstance as a token of a higher will; and the site was changed to the northwest, where the chapel afterwards stood.

Grains of Gold.

Appointments once made become debts.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

Neither despise nor oppose what you do not understand.

A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

The man who cannot be angry is a fool; the man who will not allow himself to be is wise.

Perfect charity goes down and up, and so includes all classes and conditions of mankind.

Men should not think too much of themselves, yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.

True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

If the wicked flourish and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction, thou art dieted for health.

Every man's work pursued steadily tends to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

Venture not into the company of those that are infected with the plague; no, though you think yourself fully guarded with an antidote.

Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to pronounce a man healthy merely because he has enough to eat.

The grand constituents in health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turn, are exercise for the body, and occupation for the mind.

The man of candor and true understanding is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage against the guilty party.

If you wish to live the life of a human being, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose lastness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Do what you will, only do something and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, think, or study—the whole range is open to you; only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nothing to fill your happiness.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

"A Hundred Per Cent Better"

A patient in Michigan, who reports a gain of thirteen and three-quarter pounds in two weeks, says: "I cough about once where I did ten times before, and do not raise one-quarter the mucus from my lungs that I did. My pulse has gone down from 120 to 80. My digestion is very much improved, and the stomach retains the food. In short, I am one hundred per cent. better than I was three weeks ago, and I give all the praise and credit to the use of Compound Oxygen. The expressions of my friends are, 'Wonderful!' 'Astonishing!' 'Almost miraculous!'" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminicities.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to women, and the first it takes away.

The Gentlest Strife.—Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian, because he was on her trail all the time.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most loved.

Wearing white kid gloves while sewing is one of the queer tricks seen at a recent embroidery party.

Beauty deceives women by making them establish on an ephemeral power the pretensions of a whole life.

A stately woman walked solemnly down a San Francisco street, dressed only in a nightgown. She was insane.

A circus clown says that he has had as many as twenty-five offers in one season from women who wished to elope with him.

A young man and a young woman, of Chicago, who had gone to law over the ownership of an estate, recently settled the matter by marrying each other.

The fashion of wearing bracelets of artificial flowers at the top of long gloves is anything but new. The fashion books of 1840 show it, as also the little bouquet on the fan.

The newest fancy in jewelry is a bar shawl-pin set with a row of seven jewels, the initials of whose names spell "Dearest." It is of course meant to suggest the cost of the jewels.

She was very blooming as she stood at the altar, and the man who was soon to be her husband was a shiny looking fellow. "Well," said one of her old beaux, "one takes the cake."

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered, "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl, for two hours."

The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to bleed before his children.

Just now the women load their dresses down with beads. Next year it may be the fashion to wear from thirty to eighty snowballs. Nothing is too romantic for a woman to adopt.

A young fellow in a Missouri county recently defended himself in a breach of promise suit on the ground that a contract entered into on Sunday night was not legally binding. He won his case.

A lady who, in consequence of great reverse of fortune, has been working for a fashionable milliner, says she is absolutely amazed to what an extent in the days of her wealth she was swindled in her bonnets and dresses.

Never witness tears from a wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a tear is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity.

A young lady, who has an objection to the revision of the New Testament, says that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests, as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

Young lady (to her old uncle): "Oh, uncle, what a shocking thing! A young girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss!" Old uncle: "What did the fool go crazy for?" Young lady: "What did she go crazy for? Why, for more, I suppose."

Women are in a sad state of degradation in India. Girl infants are frequently killed at birth. Girls are betrothed at birth, and never see their husbands until their wedding day. The only privilege of India women is to curse their husbands.

The woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself, loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is just as much, even more, an ornament to her sex, than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and indulgence.

Said Mrs Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" Edith: "Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs Smith: "Indeed?" Edith: "Yes, m'm; she said she hoped you'd come today, and have it over with."

Two bunches of artificial flowers may now be fastened on a parasol, one at the top, and another halfway down the stick. By and by some women will outshine everybody else by appearing with a parasol stick garlanded like a Maypole from top to bottom.

A novel way of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice: "Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at the office."

"I just went out to see a friend for a moment," remarked Jones to his wife the other evening as he returned to his seat at the theatre. "Indeed," replied Mrs. J. with sarcastic surprise. "I supposed, from the odor of your breath, that you had been out to see your worst enemy."

"Making a small show of the bridesmaids is not a bad idea," says a correspondent, "for it distracts attention and takes it away from the bride." Yes, and so does putting on the long train and veil, and hiring the church, and inviting her friends, in order to distract attention, she is naturally grateful to the bridesmaids.

London society possesses two ladies who both bear the name of Isabella, and who, standing to each other as they do in the relation of mother and daughter, are presumably of different ages, though, indeed, the differences might easily pass unperceived. A friend was heard lately to give the following account of them: "The one is named Isabelle—the other is a belle."

Everyone cannot be beautiful, but everyone can be sweet-tempered, and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive, in the long run, than even beauty. Have a smile and kind word for all, and you will soon be more admired—nay, loved—than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

News Items.

England owes $768 719 000.

The population of London is 3 814 581.

Germany produces a large crop of tobacco annually.

There are two Chinese papers in San Francisco.

Hail-stones containing pebbles lately fell in Kansas.

Leadville servant girls wear ornaments of virgin gold.

Germany has 8 000 miles of underground telegraph wires.

In Austria the owners of howling dogs are heavily fined.

The Mikado of Japan has become a patron of horse racing.

Paris sporting clubs hold dog shows for the benefit of the poor.

The heads of Englishmen, it is said, are gradually decreasing in size.

A series of woman suffrage meetings is about to be held in Vermont.

Burying a man with a will in his coat pocket is the latest swindle on heirs.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing it and sprinkling with alcohol.

Polo played in the glare of electric light is the latest "thoroughly English" sport we have.

During the past ten years the population in the United States has increased 31 per cent.

In some parts of England and Scotland the wasps this year are of extraordinary size and fierceness.

At a fashionable wedding in London recently a bride carried a bouquet six feet in circumference.

A woman fell down stairs at a Cleveland depot and tore her ear off, and the same night attended a ball.

Some people in the western cyclone region have "cyclone holes" in the ground as places of refuge in high winds.

Vanity Fair says that England is being rapidly reduced to a fortress in the ocean, without self-supporting food powers.

A Peoria lady picked up, the other day, two dead English sparrows, their bills interlocked so firmly that they could not be separated until broken.

In a Massachusetts town lately the school girls pelted Governor Long with bouquets, and the Governor, the girls, and the spectators enjoyed the sport.

An old lady in a Boston book-store the other day called for a reversed New Testament. They found a copy for her in which the binder had put the cover on upside down.

In Wyoming the upper part of a tree fell between two other trees, and was tightly wedged in, breaking the bark. The piece of tree is now in leaf, and is growing! It is supposed that the sap from the two trees is keeping it alive.

A Connecticut man is under sentence of death for the murder of a policeman, and his sympathetic townsmen are getting up a dance the proceeds of which will be devoted to procuring luxuries for him before he takes his final leave.

A pitiable story is told of a little boy who starved to death in Pittsburg on account of a throat disease. He lived four weeks without eating or drinking. Just before he died he asked his mother if he would get any dinner in heaven.

A factory for extracting gold from ore is was discovered in Sacramento, Cal. By means of galvanic batteries and chemicals the pieces were diminished in weight without perceptibly altering their appearance, only about five per cent of the metal being stolen.

The first postage-stamp used in this country was designed by a gentleman named Mitchell, postmaster of New Haven, Conn., in 1847. He issued it for the convenience of the citizens. It was just about the size of the present stamp, and was signed by him.

A Brooklyn girl was deserted by her lover, and concluded that the only thing left for her to do was to commit suicide. She waited for the river, but it looked too wet and muddy. She finally changed her mind, and resolved to punish her recreant beau by getting another, and living as long as she possibly could.

After begging hours are over in Paris the old man stricken with paralysis may be seen dancing merrily with his grand-children, while the blind mother looks on with complacent delight, and a whole crowd of lamentably maimed folk suddenly regain the use of their limbs, and turn into the neighboring wine-shop to have a drink.

The street musicians of Paris have a better check on the member of the party that takes up the collection than is furnished by trip-slips and bell-punches. The cashier goes round with a plate in one hand and five live flies in the other; when his accounts are audited he goes to let the flies escape one by one in the presence of his associates.

The Japanese are one of the cleanliest people on earth. It is the custom of the whole nation to bathe daily, and until recently men and women bathed together, perfectly naked. The government has established a law against promiscuous bathing, and the bathing houses are now made with a partition to separate the men and the women, but it is not very high.

In the desert mountain ranges of California and Arizona no rain falls. The area is covered with cactus plants of every description, and they are juicy. Millions of land tortoises feed on these plants, and the Indians make soup of them. Inside of each is an anatomical tank that holds about a pint of water. Many are cut open to get at this tank. The water is pure and stable. Tons of meat and drink are supplied, and the dry cactus makes excellent fuel.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6 1880.

GENTS:—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLS.

New Publications.

"Literary Style, and Other Essays" by Wm Matthews, L L D., is a book that all lovers of the delightful should get. An idea of its excellence may be gained by the following list of its contents: Literary Style, The Duty of Praise, Periodical Literature, The Blues and their Remedy, The Modesty of Genius, Sensitiveness to Criticism Ideal and Real, Fat vs Lean, Memory and its Marvels, Fools, Angling, Intellectual Playfulness, A Plea for the Erring Secret of Longevity, Season of Travel, Hot-House Education, Originality, The Art of Listening, Who are Gentlemen? Office-Seeking, Americanisms, etc. It's a book that has not a dull line in it. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, $1 50

A third of a century ago the late George Henry Lewes wrote a tale, largely autobiographic in its character, under the title of "Ranthorpe," which never made any great stir in the world during its author's lifetime. It has now been revived. The original preface says it was written in 1851, and therefore before the late George Eliot-Maria-Evans-Lewes Cross became famous and led him from the path of propriety. It is dedicated "to her who has lightened the burden of an anxious life," which dedication is signed "Her husband," so that the lady to whom Mr. Lewes was lawfully wedded and not her with whom he lived during the latter years of his life, must be meant. "Ranthorpe" is a fairly good tale, as the tales of philosophic young men go. While it may not be found intensely absorbing in itself, it is attractive in the light of who is author was. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Nana's Daughter" is a sequel to Zola's "Nana," but is in many respects superior to that work. The aim is to show that evil instincts are not hereditary. Nana is a prominent personage in the story, but occupies a more elevated plane than Zola assigns to her. Her daughter, Andree, is a direct contrast to her. Exciting scenes follow each other in rapid succession. All the characters are vividly sketched, the plot is of unusual strength and merit, and the style of composition is vigorous and concise. T. S. Peterson & Brothers city, publishers. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

The new issue of the very popular "Round Robin" series; "The Georgians," is a novel of exceptional interest. The author has had the good luck to happen on types of characters, incidents, etc., that sparkle with freshness and originality. This latter term can be applied to comparatively little in modern literature, but with respect to this work it cannot be too appropriate. Along with excellence in this respect goes a plot of more than ordinary attractiveness, brought to a striking conclusion. There is none better among the several good ones of the series that have preceded it, and this is the highest. Published by Osgood, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1 00.

Another volume we have received from Lippincott & Co. is "A Book of Love Stories," by Nora Perry. It includes ten of her choicest stories, in which the loves and lovers of New England are portrayed with grace and insight. These stories are written in a light and animated manner, with felicitous bits of description, subtle interpretations of feminine nature, and with natural and pleasing, though unexpected denouements. The titles of the love stories are: Dolly, Caristina, After five Years, An Heiress, Lyara and her Hero, Dick Halliday's Wife, Mr and Mrs. Mayer, The Charmer Charmed, John Eccleston's Thanksgiving, Margaret Frey's Heart. For summer reading nothing could be better.

MAGAZINES.

The July number of the North American Review bears the usual characteristic of timeliness. Carl Schurz leads off with a suggestive paper on 'Present Aspects of the Indian Problem.' Next a caustic writer gives the views of "A Yankee Farmer" on "The Religious Conflicts of the Age," to the discomfiture of the modern Agnostic, Moralist and Evolutionist. Another treasonable article is "The Power of Public Plunder," by James Parton, which appeals to the sons of our men of character and wealth on patriotic grounds, to enter into politics, and become the safeguards of their country against rings and bosses. Mr. Henry George dwells on "The Common sense of Taxation." "The Cost of Cruelty" is presented by Mr. Henry Bergh, and "A Study of Tennyson" comes from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard.

NEW MUSIC.

The Folio for July, besides a great deal of valuable and interesting reading matter, contains the following pieces of vocal and instrumental music: 'Kiss Me, Dear Mother, Good-Bye!" "Believe Me," from Verdi; "Sailor's Hornpipe," from Billee Taylor; 'Sweet Hope" and "Hear Our Petition." A fine portrait of Helen Gray on, of the Grayson Opera Company, accompanies the number. Smith, White & Co., Boston, publishers.

No. 18 the July number of that excellent music publication, 'Sheffield's 10c. Library," contains four fine selections—'As I'd Nothing Else to Do," by Batton; "The Deep, Deep Sea," both vocal. "Pleasures of Summer," and "Crimson Blushes," instrumental. Published by R. A. Sheffield, 559 Broadway, New York.

PARTING.—There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, 'Beware of parting.' The true sadness is not in the pain of parting. It is the when and how you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view. From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion, a chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again ye may—will it be in the same way?—with the same sympathies?—with the same sentiments? Will the scenes, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had be n a dream? Rarely, rarely! —Bulwer.

At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber-shop is looking for a short cut.

Skill in the Workshop

To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight becomes clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

It is then the merry housewife ties a rag around her head,
It it then she breaks the furniture and dislocates the bed;
It is then she has the carpets beaten till the welkin rings,
It is then she swaps her husband's clothes for china dogs and things.

It is then what's called "house cleaning" occupies the female mind;
It is then your wife some "bargains" gaily starts her out to find;
It is then she pays $3 for a tub that has no hoops,
It is then she buys tatirons and arranges them in groups.

It is then the prudent husband buys himself a Book of Prayer;
It 's then he soon discovers that he's better off elsewhere.
It is then he lets the women turn things over till they're tired;
It is then he finds it healthy to be more or less retired. —U N Nonn

Humorous.

A shell race—Mollusks.

A scrub-race—Floor-washers.

Personal blemish—Too much cheek.

Prides itself upon its rank—The onion.

Telling the naked truth—Giving the bare facts.

The best press ever made—Two loving sisters.

A collection of stamps—Applause in the gallery.

Men usually go to the grass after their hey-day.

Weeds are generally the earliest risers in a garden-bed.

A doctor's prescription is generally made up of vial stuff.

Does a girl cudgel her brain every time she bangs her hair?

When birds soar they warble, but when a locust's sore it doesn't.

Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the cream of tarts, as it were.

When a doctor cures you for nothing he is one of Nature's no-bill men.

The new Czar of Russia will not be bothered with life insurance agents.

A bunghole is a very necessary thing in a barrel, but, after all, it is nothing.

"This is brief and to the point," as the man remarked when he got off a tack.

To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a virtue.

Adam established the "pioneer press" when he first hugged Eve in the garden.

Love's latest interpreter: "Would you were an exclamation point, and I a parenthesis I"

When fish make a great commotion in a net, it is of course because they are in seine.

A clock is much like a man. When it raises its hand, look out for it. It is going to strike.

Why is a fellow with a bad cold in the head, like Niagara Falls? Because he's a catarrh-racked.

"Silence is golden" sometimes, but when a fellow fails to respond to a dun it looks more like brass.

It is a grandparent who usually offers the advice: "Give up everything for the sake of your children."

"Every trade has its special disease." Then we suppose coopers are troubled with the hooping cough.

"Waiter, here's a fly in my tea." "Thank you, sir; I didn't notice it." Lays down a check for five cents extra.

Journeymen tailors at work on custom trousers are like jilted women—sewing for breeches of promise.

The sudden cramp that attacks lazy boys just about school-time, is one of the oldest brands of sham pain.

A turtle has recently been found with "S. B. Anthony, 1492," carved on its back. Susan wants to see the man who did it.

It may be well to state for the information of amateur artists, that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court plaster.

Some hygienist declares that ice water cuts off more lives than the sword. Perhaps death has changed his pickle for an icicle.

An exchange tells us that a lady clerk in a glove store got raving mad when a young gent came and asked her if she had any little kids.

It has been ascertained that the cause for placing lumber yards near to railroad depots is to enable travelers to get a board easy.

Some colleges would never be heard of if the students didn't cut up in an outrageous manner occasionally and get into the newspapers.

A writer on physiognomy would like to know if large ears denote a miserly disposition, why is a mule so apt to squander his hind legs.

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it, by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still.

It will not be the elegant thing during the coming warm season to say that you sweat or perspire. You must say that you are "bedewed with heat."

"Will Love Win?" is the title of a new novel. I feel authorized to say that love, properly backed with a bank account, will call the turn every time.

"Mamma, the teacher says all people are made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so they are." "Well, then, I suppose negroes are made of coal-dust, ain't they?"

The witless and piggish fellow in a car who takes up all his own seat and half of the seats on either side of him with his spreading feet and knees, to the great discomfort of other people, does not take up much room in his hat.

A contemporary says: "Was there ever a man who could look at the barber shaving him steadily in the eye?" If a barber were "shaving him steadily in the eye," we should think it would be difficult for a man to look at anything.

Wonderful transformation.—A youth, while displaying his elegant moves at the rink, suddenly lost his balance, and fell towards the young lady who was admiring him. In one instant, from a true American, he had become a Laplander.

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound It is a positive cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Complications

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints, would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort a trial, they would be speedily cured It acts on both organs at the same time, and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys, use it at once. Don't neglect them.—Mirror and Farmer.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Pearl's White Glycerine has a remarkable affinity for the skin, making it soft and smooth. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by mentioning the Saturday Evening Post.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons
Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
NO MATTER WHERE IT MAY BE SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Boils, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedies known to the name of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
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INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S well established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are Pain Specifics, Relief and Pills. Beware and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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and Miscellaneous Securities,
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Facetiæ.

A capital thing—Cash.

Stake holders—Butchers.

Honey extractor—A kiss.

No person wants straw spelt backwards on the end of his nose.

It is only natural that imbibing too much corn-juice should make the voice husky.

The man whose only claim to sanctity is a long face, should dispose of a portion of his cheek.

Passing around the hat is an old and excellent method of getting at the cents of a meeting

Many have an idea they are serving the Lord when they are meddling with what is none of their business.

An Arkansas man had seven buckshot taken from his head, and remarked that quite a load was off his mind.

The man who was the coolest person at the battle of Waterloo has just died. He hid in the ice-house of the chateau during the contest.

"May I ride behind you?" asked a tramp of a gentleman who was passing him on horseback. "Yes, but not on the same horse," he replied.

The clothing men are advertising: 'Summer suits.' But it don't suit the fellows who have to wear last winter's clothes during the hot weather.

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always consoles us when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway car.

The giraffe is a very timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart comes into his mouth it takes him half a day to get it back where it belongs.

There is many a rich man who is no better off than his impecunious brother. The latter has no food for his stomach, and the former no stomach for his food.

A would-be journalist writes us a postal card and inquires: "What must I do to write fluently?" Sharpen up your pencil and your wits, and write it thus—f-l-u-e-n-t-l-y.

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately, sir, and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie says, "Auntie, I'm sorry you are so stupid."

The papers are discussing the question, "Can a judge sit when he is over seventy years old?" If he is like other men, we should think he could sit a dreadful sight longer than he could stand.

The busy bee is held up as an example of industry to boys, yet what a terrible example he is. If boys were like bees you couldn't put your nose into a school-room without getting it thumped.

Tramps have signs and tokens. XXX on a gate-post means: "The old cadaver who runs this ranch has a shot gun and two bull dogs, and all true gentlemen will pass on to the next house."

"I cannot sing the old songs," shrieked an amateur soprano the other night; and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had looked on for a moment was heard to remark, casually, but emphatically, "You just bet you can't." It broke up the concert on the spot, the prima donna refusing to vocalize further.

A man thought yesterday that the comet had come, and that the end of all things was at hand, so he drew all his money out of the bank, locked his doors, ordered up a demijohn of five-year-old applejack, went to bed and prepared for the worst. At last accounts this morning he feels as if the comet had struck him sure enough.

An Irish estate has recently been advertised in a Cork newspaper, with temptations to a purchaser of no ordinary kind. It consists of two villages, the future prospects of which are set forth by stating that one of them is let for nine hundred years, and the other on a lease for ever—on the expiration of which terms both the said villages will be capable of great improvement.

A lad living in an Arizona mining village had a couple of little sisters born to him, and started out early next morning to spread the joyful tidings among his companions. An old settler, passing at the time, observed his exultation, and paused to inquire the reason of it. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Any luck happened to the old man?" "Big luck," returned the boy; "he's found a baby mine."

Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache, and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it? Your druggist will tell you that it is one of the most successful medicines ever known. It is sold in both Dry and Liquid form, and its action is positive and sure in either.—Dallas (Tex.) Herald.

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50 Landscape, Sea-view, Motto, etc. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co. Fairhaven, Ct.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co. Phila., Pa.

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FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

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As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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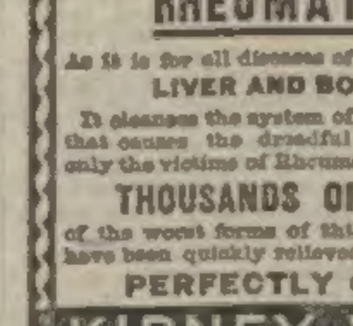
THE WILSON PATENT
Adjustable Chair,
With Thirty Changes of Positions.



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embracing all the departments in one large book, with a system of ordering goods by letter more convenient than any heretofore, will be mailed, without charge, to those who send us a postal card containing name, town, county, and state: nothing further is necessary,—we will understand what is wanted.

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PHILADELPHIA.

18th Street | City Hall Square

Our store, known as the Grand Depot, occupies the block at Thirteenth and Market Streets, extending to Chestnut Street and City Hall Square, and has an area of between two and three acres on the ground floor alone.

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FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 2 for 35 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 15 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 20 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper Jumps 16 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Genie Perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 20 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Lace Making Solved 25 cts. Home Gymnasium Guide 25 cts. Mysteries of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or Old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.49 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

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The Only Sure Remedy for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample package and testimonials free. Address

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MADAME BOIVIN'S PILLS

FOR LADIES are a prompt and reliable remedy for regulating all derangements, curing weaknesses, inflammations, dragging pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritable bladder, bowels and all derangements originating in menstrual troubles. Prepared from the prescription that made the name of Boivin celebrated throughout all Europe. Nine-tenths of all the ladies suffer like these pills will cure. Sent postpaid for $1 per box. SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Box 559, Buffalo, N. Y., Sole American Agents.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. BY SENDING 25 cts. money, or 50 cts. postage stamps, with age, height, color of eyes and hair you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y. I will refund the money if not satisfied.

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50 NEW Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name on 10c. Best of samples 10c. Postmaster, Higganum, Ct.

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.
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Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 2 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

$10.60 FOR 40c

Any one sending me 40 cents and the addresses of fifty of their acquaintances will receive by return mail goods that retail at $10 60. Send one cent stamp, and if you want a fortune don't let this chance slip. I assure all that carry out in good faith this offer.

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RIDGE'S FOOD THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. 66 every label.

102 OCEAN SHELLS & CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, name on 10c, 50 for 30c, 40 Gilt and Bevel Edge 10c. CLINTON & CO. North Haven, Conn.

50 Cards, Chromos motto rose, &c all new style, name on 10c., sample 15c. G. A. Spring, New Haven, Ct.

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25 Lovely Pansies Motto Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. Agts wanted. Victor Co. Northford, Ct.

For Terms of Scarce Books, New Translations, &c., address Victor Pub. Co., L Box, Elizabethville, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES

THERE are all kinds of variations of last year's fashion, but absolutely new there is little or nothing. It would, indeed, be difficult to find anything absolutely new, since of late years we have exhausted all the picture galleries in Paris and elsewhere to copy models for our dresses. In some cases we see exaggerated luxury, whilst in others we see equally exaggerated simplicity.

However rich the material of which dresses are composed, short skirts are the only ones fashionably worn out of doors; they are admissible even for dinners and all the gaieties of the country and at the seaside. The removable trains enable any of these short dresses, providing their style and material be suitable for the purpose, to be easily converted into more dressy toilettes.

Both long and short skirts are, as far as the foundation shape goes, plain and without drapery; they consist of one centre breadth, gored at each side, and shaped to the figure at the top, and a gored breadth at each side, the back being made with one or two straight breadths, according to the width required. These, whether short or long, are supported away from the figure a small and graceful y-shaped tournure underskirt, which affects the back only, and does not alter the natural fall of the front and sides.

Short skirts, just clearing the ground, are from two yards and a quarter to two and a half wide; those still shorter, just to the instep, are not over two yards.

Some skirts are entirely kilted, or covered all round with flounces; the latter style is the great novelty for short summer costumes. The flounces are varied, either in arrangement or material, kilted and gathered alternately, or one of batiste and the next of surah, or three of material headed by one of lace; in front they are arranged to form a slight point, or rounded scallop rising at the side—to prevent the shortening of the horizontal lines—and at the back there is some light drapery of material and lace.

With these flounced skirts the jacquette "dauphine" is exclusively elegant. The fronts are rather long, rounded off and edged with lace; the side pieces of the back are sufficiently lengthened to permit of their forming paniers bouffants, very much like the Louis XVI. style, and then hanging like a tunic; the back is raised by ribbons arranged underneath, to form graceful drapery. The whole contour is edged with lace. The Louis XV. sleeve ends at the elbow with an upright revers and a lace frill, raised at the head of the arm under a bow of ribbon.

This jacquette may be made of different material to the skirt either plain or figured; if of surah merveilleux, of a rich deep color, such as grenat or rosewood—bois de rose, it may be worn with a silk skirt of almost any color.

Lace is worn in the the greatest profusion, good imitation being used for washing dresses, while the valuable old laces and the modern reproductions of them—so like few of which are very nearly equal in beauty—are employed for richer materials—such as satins, silks and velvets.

Satinette and French cambric dresses are very prettily trimmed with cotton embroidery, in white and black colors, to match the pattern of the material. This is a newer style than the thread lace which has been so profusely lavished of late years on such costumes.

A very pretty dress of blue and white cambric has the skirt trimmed with two flounces put on in small flat double pleats, the upper one finished plain, the lower edged with a band of broderie Anglaise, scalloped out and worked in blue and white cotton. Jacket-bodice, with flossily pleated fronts, trimmed down each side with a band of the broderie Anglaise, which also edges round the small turned-down collar. Cuffs to match, and narrow flutings round the semi-short sleeves.

The edge of the basque bodice is concealed by a scarf of the material pleated across and finished at the back in two loops and ends edged with embroidery. The central place of the jacket at the back forms a small pleated postillion, edged with embroidery, which falls over the above mentioned loops of the scarf.

On the variety of designs and delicate tints of these pretty fabrics I need not further enlarge; but a few hints as to making up may well be offered. The favorite style is the gathered bodice, and on slight figures this has a charming effect.

Among many pretty toilettes I noticed one of plain and flowered satteen of a delicate shade of pink with black flowers. These last were very small, and by no means intrusive. The skirt was short, of plain satteen, with a pleated flounce five inches deep. Above this, to the height of ten inches, the skirt was tightly ganged, the lower part forming a heading to the under flounce. A polonaise tunic of figured satteen was cut very full in the bodice, and then tightly ganged. The tunic was raised high at the side, giving a good view of the skirt. Round the edge was a flounce of black lace. The sleeves, reaching but little below the elbow were also trimmed with black lace.

With this dress was worn a black lace hat with drooping brim shaded with lace. Beneath the brim was a half wreath of blush roses.

Black gloves, and a black parasol lined with pink satin, completed this tasteful costume.

Another was of red-brown plain satteen and maize-colored satteen, with figured autumn leaves of brown tints. The skirt had a pleated flounce of plain satteen shaded by another of écru lace. Above this were three small pleated flounces of the figured satteen, and again a plain flounce shaded by lace. The tunic was short in front and arranged in loose folds. At the back it fell in a pouf, caught on the left beneath a bow of brown satin ribbon. The body was perfectly plain with tight sleeves, being of the fancy satteen and very sparely piped with brown. A coarse straw hat, with long curling feather shaded from red-brown to maize, completed the toilette.

The hat was lined with brown satin, and had a bouquet of Malmaison roses to conceal the beginning of the feather.

The old pattern upon a plain white satteen is very effective made up with white lace trimmings, and bows of China blue satin; and I may quote a dress of this kind as an example of the style in which the greater number are made.

The skirt is a quite short one of moderate width, and at the bottom is a very narrow kilting of China blue ligen. Over this the lower part is covered by two box-pleated flounces edged with lace falling one over the other. The tunic is a straight breadth crossing the front in folds simply stitched at the edges, and caught up on either side to shew the lining, which is of blue linen. This turns quite inside out at the back, and mingles with a breadth of the material edged with a double row of lace, which forms the drapery behind. A pretty pocket of blue linen and lace finishes the skirt.

The bodice is a jacket one with wide collar and basques trimmed with lace, the former fastened with a large bow of blue satin ribbon. The sleeves are moderately tight, with deep cuffs of blue linen and lace. With this is worn a white chip hat trimmed simply with white lace and cornflowers, and lined with dark-blue satin; and the parasol is a cotton one of the same materials as the dress, the willow pattern outside and the linen to form the lining.

Narrow flounces are decidedly fashionable, when covering parts of the skirt only, for silken as well as other fabrics.

When of lace, gauze, or grenadine, they are very effective placed over color, and many lace flowers are supported by scanty gathered flounces of satin. The pleatings, with drooping bouillonnés, alternating with groups of gaugings, are in great favor. The skirts thus trimmed are generally edged with three, five, or seven narrow flounces. The small redingote opening over the tablier, and raised at the back, Louis XV. style, is thoroughly in accordance with such a skirt.

In the drapery of any of the myriad forms of tunics care must be taken to raise them unequally to prevent a line straight round, which would infallibly shorten and widen the figure. If the front falls low, the back must be much raised. If, on the contrary, the front be short, which is more general, the back must droop gracefully, nearly to the edge of the skirt. The tunics, raised at one side only, or left full length and open at one side over a pyramid of narrow flounces, bouillonnés, or drawings, are very elegant.

The scarf draperies, arrayed on the skirt in a variety of graceful styles, are as greatly in fashionable favor as ever. When of different material to the dress, as is often the case, a portion of the same should be introduced on any other part—such as plastron or collar and cuffs.

Among the most useful models of the season, and one of those which has met so far with the greatest success, is the costume composed of some neutral tint—grey, beige, or light brown. The trimmings are of some Bayadere striped tissue. Thus, the dress may be of beige cashmere, valing, or mousselin de laine, the trimmings of Bayadere cashmere or surah.

In one model the skirt front or tablier is trimmed with two flutings of the plain material, which is beige valling, each edged with a border of Bayadere surah; above this comes a scarf of valling, folded in upward pleats across the front; at the back there is one deep fluting edged with surah, and above this a draped puff of the valling. The basque bodice has pipings of surah and a collar, plastron and sleeve facings of the same. Outside pockets are no longer worn with dresses, the pocket is concealed within the folds of the scarf draperies, very much at the back.

Two pretty novelties have lately appeared, in the guise of trimmings. The first is a series of white or grey mother-o'-pearl rings, which are fastened upon the bodice, and through which a lace is passed so as to close it.

The next is a kind of double agrafe, of mother-o'-pearl or passementerie, used very much in the same way as the rings. The bodice being closed by means of a false hem, these clasps are put on over, and hook into one another, like a hook and eye, forming a pretty addition to the ornamenting of bodice.

Fireside Chat

ENTRÉES

UNDER this head are really the most economical, although the most troublesome dishes for from the remains of an ordinary meat dinner can be made a tempting luncheon or some inviting entrée. Here is one that requires care, but is worth all the attention bestowed upon it.

Kromeskeys.—Cut one pound of cold meat in small pieces, chop one onion, and fry it a pale yellow in butter, add a little flour and stir until smooth, add half a pint of good stock or brown gravy, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt, white pepper, a little of the powdered herbs and a very little cayenne, two ounces of chopped mushrooms that have been warmed in a little butter, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; now add the minced meat, stir until scalding hot, add the yolk of one raw egg, cook for two minutes, stirring all the time, and spread out to cool on a buttered dish. Make a batter, add a little pepper and grated nutmeg and one tablespoonful of salad oil. The batter should be thick, and it is better to beat the whites of the eggs separately, adding them to the batter when quite stiff. Heat the dish containing the meat, turn it out on the board just dusted with flour, cut it into strips about an inch and two inches long, roll them lightly under the hand in the shape of corks, dip them in the batter, and fry them a golden brown in smoking hot fat. Serve on a folded napkin.

Fillet of Veal with Mushrooms.—Put two pounds of veal cutlet into enough cold water to cover it, with some salt, pepper, and a bouquet of sweet herbs, and a small onion stuck with three cloves; let it simmer and cook gently for forty minutes, or until it is tender, skimming it carefully as the scum rises; then drain it, returning the broth to the pan and washing the meat in cold water. Cut the meat into square or round-shaped pieces of the same size; meantime make a white sauce, by stirring over the fire until smooth, one ounce of butter and one of flour, adding a half pint of milk and the broth gradually; add half a can of mushrooms, and when it has all boiled up well, stir into it the yolks of two raw eggs, put in the meat, and cook it for five minutes, then drain off the gravy; have ready some nicely-toasted bread the same shape as the meat, and arrange the toast, veal and mushroom alternately round the dish, pouring over all the gravy, and garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

Kidneys and Spinach.—Split eight kidneys lengthwise, skin them, lay them for half an hour in salad oil, spiced vinegar, and salt and pepper, turn them frequently, roll them in breadcrumbs, lay them on a greased gridiron, and having broiled them—the inside first—place on a hot dish with a piece of maître d'hotel butter in each. Have ready some spinach properly prepared, and put it all round and under the kidneys, and serve hot. A little gravy poured over at the last moment is an improvement.

Fried Brains and Tomato Sauce.—Lay the calf's brains in salt water for an hour or so, remove the skin without breaking the brains, put them over the fire with enough water and a little vinegar to cover them, two bay leaves, a sprig of parsley, and an onion stuck with three cloves; bring them to the boil, and simmer gently for ten minutes; take them out carefully, and lay them in salt and water to cool. When quite cold cut each in two pieces, roll in bread crumbs, then in egg, then again in bread crumbs, and fry them in smoking hot fat. When they are a golden brown, lay them on a clean cloth to absorb the fat, and then arrange on the dish, pouring the tomato sauce in the middle.

Calf's Liver Larded.—First carefully lard the liver by passing strips of larding pork, which is firm white fat pork cut two inches long and a quarter of an inch square, in rows along the surface of the liver, leaving the ends of the pork projecting equally; the rows must be inserted regularly until the surface is covered. Lay the liver in a pan on some chopped carrot, onions, some salt pork sliced, salt and pepper, a fagot of sweet herbs and two or three cloves; some gravy or good stock is poured over it, and it is cooked in a moderate oven for about an hour, until thoroughly done. Take out the liver, put it on the dish, have ready some good gravy or stock, and stir it among the vegetables, dredging in a little flour, and heat over the fire; then pour the whole over the liver. This is an economical dish, and is really a very nice and savory one. It requires to be served hot, and for an ordinary dinner is quite good enough to take the place of the joint.

Spanish Fried Fowl.—This is a very nice change from either boiled or roasted fowls. Cut a good-sized fowl as for a fricasee, sprinkle the pieces with salt and a little cayenne; put some lard or dripping in the frying pan on the fire, and when smoking hot put in the largest pieces; when these are done add the pieces of breast, two chopped onions, a clove, a bouquet of sweet herbs, and some raw ham cut into half-inch dice, and fry until the fowl is tender; take the fowl out, keep it hot while you fry with the other things four large tomatoes cut in slices and seasoned with pepper and salt; then add the fowl and season all together; garnish with parsley.

Broiled Pigeons makes a delicious dish, and are very simple to prepare; after cleaning them split them down the middle of the back, and cut them quite in two; to make them flat pound them with the blade of a heavy knife, broil them, the inside first, on a greased gridiron, and use butter without salt, or some good dripping; when nearly done salt and pepper, or add a finish of maître d'hotel butter. Lay each piece on a slice of buttered toast, garnish with parsley, and serve hot.

Macaroni à la Milaise.—This is only one of the many ways of preparing this most wholesome and delicious food, that is as nourishing as it is inexpensive, and gives a most savory dish with very little trouble. There are three kinds of macaroni; the largest is known as macaroni, the second as macaroni, and the smallest as spaghetti; we prefer the smallest also for most dishes, but sometimes find difficulty in obtaining it of the ordinary grocer. But to return to our recipe. Have ready some tomato sauce, or canned tomatoes, which will do as well if boiled forty minutes, strained and highly seasoned. Put the macaroni into boiling water, with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of butter, boil until it is quite tender, and then drain it in a colander; it may be laid in a pan of cold water until you wish to use it. Put into a stewpan the tomato sauce, some butter, and a very little good stock or gravy free from fat, and stir until they are quite smooth. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of your dish, moisten it with the sauce you have prepared, and sprinkle it over with grated Parmesan or American cheese, then another layer of macaroni, sauce, and cheese, and so on until the dish is full. Brown the macaroni in a quick oven and serve hot.

Macaroni with Tomatoes.—Another way is to prepare as above, only adding the macaroni to the sauce; after you have prepared it, let all boil together for twenty minutes, pour it on a flat dish, and serve at once without baking.

Minced Fowl and Macaroni.—Boil the macaroni until tender, wash it in cold water, where it may remain until you prepare a white sauce, put the macaroni into part of it with some grated cheese, and heat it thoroughly. Have ready your cooked fowl cut into slices or scallops, heat it in some white sauce, add a little pepper, salt, and a very little grated nutmeg. Put the fowl in the centre of the dish, placing the macaroni round as a border, and pour the rest of the sauce over all.

"What is the matter with you?" said a wife to her drunken husband, on his return from a political club meeting. "Why, my dear, I've been putting down party spirit," was the reply.

Answers to Inquirers.

ADRIAN (Penobscot, Me.)—Involuntary blushing generally arises from excessive bashfulness which wears off by degrees in proportion as young persons mix with society.

READER (Camden, N. J.)—The founder of Buddhism, which is now professed by three hundred millions of people of India, was Gotama Buddha, the son of a petty prince, who lived on the borders of Nepaul, about seven centuries before Christ.

J. SERK, (Litchfield, Conn.)—Stammering is not incurable. Where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation, it may be cured by perseverance for three or four months in the simple method of reading aloud with the teeth closed, for at least two hours in the course of each day.

ENQUIRER (Orange, Vt.)—Neither moles nor dimples are a sign of anything. The French however, esteem the former on the face as beauty spots, while the latter are regarded with pleasure by men of every nation. In respect of flesh-worms in the face squeeze them between the nails and wash afterwards with vinegar.

DRUCE, (Phila., Pa.)—To remove grease from linen, rub the spots on the material lightly and rapidly with a clean soft cotton rag dipped in chloroform. Repeat the operation if necessary. Be careful, as we have said, to rub the article lightly and rapidly; then finish with a clean, dry cloth. If these precautions are not taken, a slight stain is apt to be the result.

SUSAN, (Vernon, Wis.)—"Is it considered proper for a young man to call on a young lady without an invitation, or should he wait for one?" If the young man has been properly introduced to the family of the young lady he may call without a formal invitation. There is a certain delicate sense of propriety which enables its possessors to do the right things in such matters according to the circumstances of the case.

E. M. H., (Merrimac, N. H.)—To prevent the hair coming out, take half a pint of rum and two ounces of "bitter apple" or colocynth (the latter to be had at any druggist's); mix them well and then bottle tightly the compound. The longer it is kept the better it becomes for the purpose. Rub the hair well with the mixture twice a week. Curling and crimping the hair are injurious to it. The process dries it up at the roots.

JESSIE, (Barnstable, Mass.)—Your question, "What is esthetic dress?" admits of as many answers as there are different tastes. But in a general way it may be as a mass of harmony, curved and beautiful lines of drapery flowing and unrestrained. Both as worthippers of old china, by their ridiculous postings and utterances, have rendered themselves so absurd, that they are laughed at and caricatured by all sensible people.

JOKO, (Hunterdon, N. J.)—You must be rather simple not to see that the young lady is playing fast and loose with you. Act a more manly part and she will respect you all the more for it. If you give way to her in everything you may be sure she will think, as the saying goes that she can "wind you round her little finger." Remember what the old poet says:—

"If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be."

INQUIRY, (Columbia, N. Y.)—When a person is spoken of as playing or singing by ear it means that he or she has learned the music in question from hearing someone else play or sing it, and not from the notes. You are undoubtedly right to a certain extent in your assertion that all music whatever is played and sung by ear; that is to say, the performer is guided in his performance by the ear. But in the popular as well as musical acceptation of the phrase, you are wrong.

EIGHTEEN, (Washington, Miss.)—A woman can render herself attractive in many ways; but no woman can win admiration who does not study personal neatness. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes tumbling about her as if they were set on her with a pitchfork, is always repulsive, slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet and if she wins a husband, he will turn out in all probability, not very much of a prize.

BLADE, (Tay, Ind.) The rules for handkerchief flirtation are: Drawing it across the lips, I wish to know you. Across the cheek, I love you. Across the forehead, we are watched. Opposite corners in both hands, wait for me. Over the shoulder, follow me. Winding it around the first finger, engaged. Around the third finger, married. Dropping it, we will be friends. Twirling it in both hands, indifference. Letting it rest on the right cheek, yes. On the left cheek, no. Putting it in the pocket, good-bye.

SARAH, (Wason, W. Va.)—There are many different remedies for removing sunburn, and for whitening the hands and skin generally; but the simplest we can recommend is sliced horseradish. Take as much of this as will fill a tablespoon, pour on it half a pint of warm milk. Use it before washing, allowing it to dry on the skin before applying the water. Spermaceti ointment is likewise used to remove sunburns. It is compounded as follows.—Take of oil of olives, one pound; white wax half a pound; spermaceti, four ounces. Melt with heat; then add caustic, six ounces, and stir until cold.

BOLTON (Washington, Pa.)—Why not? What possible harm can there be in a woman's being visited by her relatives by a former marriage when she has married again? It seems to us to be a proof of her goodness that she is still on friendly terms with her late husband's relatives. In the case supposed, the second husband is in full knowledge of the continuing friendship. If he objects the wife should give way, of course, but we do not see why he should object. However, it is simply a question of the husband's will and pleasure. Wives should obey their husbands "in all things," and more particularly in matters which, rightly or wrongly, affect a husband's peace of mind. Unless there is respect, there can be no real love.

NATURE, (Coshocton, Ohio.)—The laughing plant is found in Arabia and its seeds produce effects much like those of laughing gas; hence its name, the Laughing Plant. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them and the powder, if cautiously taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour, when the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of the occurrence.

CHAR, (Faribault, Minn.)—Yes, the hands are a great character feature. A learned professor has examined three thousand hands and has found that there exists the greatest possible variety as to the length of the fingers; and he also has found that the Greeks, who were such masters in the knowledge of beauty, had given to their statues, as far as we know fingers of equal length, this being considered to be beautiful. There is the so-called psychological hand that means a hand of manly beauty—which belongs to a man like Washington, a man who has shaken the world, and who possessed courage, energy and so on. Then there exists a so-called elementary hand, which belongs to persons who have to do menial work. This is a hand which is not to be despised. Then there is what is called the woman's hand, which is considered to be the hand of typical beauty. Then there is a mixture of the three, which belongs to poets, thinkers, and so on.

AGNES M., (Cook, Ill.)—Your question is one of the most delicate and difficult we get to answer. You ask whether you should obey your mother and marry a man you don't care for, or follow the dictates of your own heart and wed the man you love, notwithstanding he is poor and has no prospects of being able to keep you comfortably. As a rule, every mother has rights that a daughter ought to respect; a daughter, on the other hand, has claims that a mother must not disregard. Your mother would seem to place your material comfort above the real time of the heart; you on the other hand, would treat worldly concerns as of no account, provided the cravings of the soul are satisfied. Who can decide between you in such a matter? All that we can say is where true love does not exist between man and wife, there is seldom true happiness, and that, on the other hand as the song runs "when poverty enters the door, young love out of the window flies." In this case we know how we would act, but do not care to decide for you.